NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VII.---NO. 28. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 340.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum; Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?

Here is another characteristic article from *Yankee Doodle*. This sober print said in one of his first numbers that one of his beautiful dreams was the abolition of Slavery. Now see what a beautiful and beatific system this patriarchal institution. Blessed, and beautiful as it is, Yankee says he longs to get rid of it! Oh! most excellent Yankee Doodle! true and consistent likeness of the original.

Of course there is nothing inconsistent in this writer's determination not to put up with expurgated editions. The South would lose the fun of mobbing the book-agents if the books were unexceptionable:

TO MR. YANKEE DOODLE: I am a Southerner, a friend to the slave, though not by any means an Abolitionist, neither I suppose are you. I have much misread the broad, good sense, the wise, not mawkish nor childish philanthropy of your pages if you have any sympathy for those social and political impertinents of New England, who, hemmed in by their granite mountains, see very little of the world beyond, and seek vent—any other would do as well so far as real feeling is concerned—for their exaggerated, uncorrected self-importance. I was born in South Carolina, and with the first sound of beasts and birds about the paternal farm-house, I remember the joyous prattle and laughter of black slave children, the companions of my boyish sports. There is no such prattle or laughter for the happiest victim of emancipation or kiddapping born in Massachusetts. The descendants of slaves born in our family continue to multiply in the third generation, and never has any one of them been sold out of a district, nor a husband separated from a wife. My grandfather's brother was at the time of the settlement of our portion of the family in South Carolina, a resident of Boston, and both owned an equal number of slaves. Of the family of blacks in Boston, there are not half a dozen surviving descendants, and of those, not one that is not deformed, crippled, or prematurely broken down. I would like you to see our lusty happy fellows in South Carolina. You see I am no Abolitionist then, but there are things done and said, nevertheless, in the name of my Southern brethren for which I must blush; a great deal of unnecessary, melancholy folly.

In the Tribune of last week, I read this advertisement:

Proper Books for the South.—Important to Southern book sellers and cheap publication dealers.—Having several year's experience in the Book Trade at the South, I take this method of informing my brethren in the trade that I have located in New-York for the purpose of supplying books to order, and making judicious selections of all the new works desired by the Southern people, and supply dealers at wholesale on the most reasonable terms for cash. Please address

L. A. HOLMES, *Park Row.*

I do not know who this Mr. Holmes is, who takes upon himself the office of censor of the press and literary tastes for the great South, but I should be glad of a little information. I should like to see and know something farther of the man who presumes to say what shall be read by the Calhouns, McDuffies, Simms', Holmes', Liebers, of the South. If his general education is no better than the grammar of his advertisement, I should pronounce Mr. Holmes presumptuous. Will Mr. Holmes publish his *Index Expurgatorius* for the benefit of the Northern trade? Is Milton a prohibited author for his *Samson Agonistes?* Is *Spartacus* to be expunged from Dr. Anthon's Classical Dictionary? Is that "mountain nymph, sweet Liberty" to be read out of the poets?

My word for it, Mr. Yankee Doodle, the South has very little to do with these petty impertinences. If we are to have a functionary of the book-throttling order, let him be an accredited, responsible Pope, or let there be a scissor professorship founded in the National Institution. Yours,

AREOPAGITICA.

Selections.

Our readers will remember an article which we copied from the *Bugle*, into last week's paper. Here are some remarks upon it by the Rev. J. W. Walker, of Cleveland, a Wesleyan minister. He is one of the right sort. What does the *True Wesleyan* think?

"WESLEYAN CONSISTENCY."

Almost every day we find something to call forth the oft-repeated sentence, "Consisteney thou art a jewel." Happy the man—the Church—the connection, who possess it. I sometimes feel afraid to prefer the charge of inconsistency against my brethren, lest I, who am but as other men, should be found really guilty myself.

Educated as we have been, surrounded by influences as we are, it is a long time often, before we see, and see our true position. Then some do not seem to possess the faculty for seeing much at a time, or understanding the bearing of one act upon another. But how any of my Wesleyan brethren should so far betray themselves, and the Anti-Slavery cause, as the brethren at Columbiana camp-meeting did, I cannot tell.

To invite pro-slavery priests to preach at an Anti-Slavery camp-meeting is an anomaly. I am glad the first to whom they applied, refused. HE could see why it would be inconsistent for a pro-slavery, free mason, to preach for an Anti-Slavery, anti-masonic Church, if the others could not. I suppose brethren did not know what to do. They did not think they could hold a camp-meeting without preachers, or that they could strike their tents and go home again!

But I think I can tell the reason why my brethren pursued this course. Very early in our history, the question came up, "Having left a pro-slavery Church because of her sins, can we fellowship members of said Church?" This question has been answered as follows: "If we go to their communion, we fellowship them as a Church: if they come to ours, we fellowship them as individuals; and vice versa."

Upon this principle many of us acted from the beginning, although we were never satisfied with it. Now, and for some time past, I believe the ground untenable, for the, to my mind, all powerful reason that a pro-slavery Church is an *unchristian Church*, and that churches are made up of individuals, and the parts cannot be better than the whole. It may seem uncharitable, yet I cannot look upon any of the sects who cherish Slavery, no matter what their professions, as having any claim to Christian character. I can regard the members of those bodies as other men, I can co-operate with them in any or all the radical measures of the day, if they are disposed to co-operate with me. But I cannot recognize them as the representatives of the religion of Jesus. I will not consent to uniting Christ and Beelzebub till the devil be cast out. The great difficulty with the professed Anti-Slavery religious community is, they try in all their movements and operations to keep the good word of their enemies. They are willing to "come out" and form another sect, but they are not willing to *entirely disconnect* themselves, they wish to keep as near to the "old church" as possible, instead of getting as far away as they can, instead of going further from her every day, they begin to sneak back as though they wanted warmth from her embrace. They want to act so as to retain the name of orthodox, evangelical, &c. instead of striving to act so as to merit the name heterodox infidel, &c. I have no sympathy with evangelical baby-stealing or with orthodox soul-crushing. I believe the churches are "the bulwarks of Slavery," (sin,) and am of course an "anti-church" man. I believe the *Government* is the product of said churches, and as the stream cannot rise higher than the fountain, I am "no Government" man.

You ask if "those are the kind of Wesleyans we have in Cleveland?" I answer, we have some of that kind and some of the other, I think.

J. W. WALKER.

From the Tribune.

MEETING OF THE STATE SOCIETY FOR THE ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The meeting of this society, held in the Fourth Congregational church, Wooster street, last evening, was numerously and very respectably attended. Benj. Ellis, Esq. in the chair.

The following resolutions, presented by Mr. Balch, on behalf the Executive Committee, were read and adopted unanimously:

"Resolved, That it is with increased confidence in the speedy triumph of the principles we advocate, that we again appeal to the friends of the abolition of the gallows to recommence the labours necessary to accomplish that philanthropic object.

"Resolved, That we recognize, among the means in our power necessary to success, the formation of local societies, public lectures, and debates; the publication of arguments in the newspapers; the circulation of tracts, pamphlets, and other works defending the sacredness of human life; the presentation of petitions to the Legislatures, asking for the removal of that barbarous and inhuman engine—the gallows—from the borders of civilized and Christian States; and private personal influence on the part of all those who wish well to this benevolent enterprise.

"Resolved, That it was with equal joy and surprise that we received the encouraging intelligence that the head of the papal authority had moved in this noble work, with a view to the abrogation of the death penalty in his dominions.

"Resolved, That we have remarked with anxiety the operations of the law in Michican, abolishing the punishment of death in all cases, and that we can most heartily rejoice in the favourable results of the experiment. We most heartily commend the citizens of that State for the noble stand they have taken in the amelioration of the criminal code, and respectfully recommend others to "go and do likewise.

"Resolved, That we advise the publication of more numbers of the Spirit of the Age for general distribution during the present winter, and that those who favour the abolition of the gallows, be respectfully urged to afford it their patronage in a tangible form.

"Resolved, That the Executive Committee be instructed to prepare and circulate an address to the citizens of this State, urging upon them the importance of taking immediate action in this movement, by obtaining signatures to petitions praying our Legislature, about to meet, to abolish the death penalty from the criminal code of this State, and substituting imprisonment for life instead.

"Resolved, That the Senators and members elect to the Legislature of this State, be respectfully invited to investigate the subject of capital punishment, and that their attention be specially directed to the "call of the abolition of the gallows.

"Resolved, That we recommend the petitioning to Congress to abolish the death punishment from the criminal code of our country.

"Resolved, That we seek the continuance of our correspondences with friends of this cause in other States and countries, with a view to the circulation of such information as may be necessary to accomplish the complete triumph of the principles for which we contend, throughout the civilized world."

James H. Titus, Esq. addressed the meeting in an able and earnest manner, and introduced the following resolution, which was also adopted:

"Resolved, That this society entertains a solemn conviction, based upon a serious and critical examination of the experience of all nations in their criminal jurisprudence, that sanguinary laws are calculated to increase the occurrence of sanguinary crimes—and as such laws are not enjoined upon us either by Scripture precepts or by the Gospel of Christ—not required upon any principle of national justice—therefore it is the duty of every Christian and conscientious citizen to contribute his aid in the repeal of all laws which prescribe death as a penalty; and with the view to promote that object, this society requests all its members immediately to give their earnest and industrious efforts in procuring memorials to the Legislature from the citizens of every county in the State, demanding the abolition of the death punishment."

The meeting was farther addressed by Messrs. Balch, Titus, Greeley, Smith, and the chairman, on the noble and philanthropic cause which had brought them together.

RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

We comply with the request to copy the following Report from the Liberator, as we presume there may be some few of our Rhode Island subscribers who do not see that paper. We wish, however, that our friends who have it in charge to see to the publication of such documents, would remember that they are of little interest except to those immediately concerned, and that it is an imposition upon the readers of both papers to have these reports copied from one to the other. They should appear simultaneously in the two. We trust, therefore, that for the future the secretaries of meetings which order their reports to be published in the Liberator and Standard, will send them to us in manuscript, and at once, if they expect us to comply with the request. Mr. Garrison, we presume, would make the same request for the Liberator. Nothing is more vexatious to an editor than to feel obliged to load his columns with matter interesting only to a few, when even to nine-tenths of those few it is an old story.

We mean these remarks of course to be general, and not to apply particularly to the Report before us, which possesses more of interest than the usual dry official details of meetings.

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society commenced in Mechanic's Hall, Providence, November 11th, 1846, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The President, John Brown, of East Greenwich, took the chair, and, the Secretary being absent, C. M. Burleigh was chosen Secretary pro tem. Nominating, business, and finance Committees having been appointed, the annual report of the Secretary was read. It was a clear, brief and forcible sketch of the "lights and shadows" of the past year, and a faithful summons to greater fidelity and zeal in the good cause. Several topics of the Report were remarked upon by C. M. Burleigh. Among these, the Mexican war, the profligacy of both parties in joining to carry on that infamous and cruel contest, the arrogance of the South, in their demands and insults and injuries upon the North, and the corresponding servility of the Northern people, in both churches and parties—were subjects of comment. The meeting of the first afternoon was rather thinly attended, but was a pleasant and cheering commencement to the convention. The Society then adjourned till afternoon.

AFTERNOON.—The exercises of this session have been various, but generally full of interest. It was commenced by remarks from C. M. Burleigh, upon the evidences of progress in our cause, and the encouragements to hope on and labour in its behalf. The nominating Committee then presented their report of officers for the ensuing year, which was adopted. The following resolution was then presented:

Whereas, from the genius of our institutions—the great charter of our rights, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and the fundamental principles of the Constitution of these States—the doctrine is deducible, that man cannot hold property in man; and whereas, we hold the congressional enactments, under the Constitution, for the returning of fugitive slaves to bondage, not less null and void before these authorities than they are before Reason, Humanity and Religion; and while we regard as essential, an advanced reformatory position against Slavery, we also regard it as of paramount importance, that the position we take should be based upon the clearest dictates of reason, sustained by experience, and guided by a due appreciation of all and every means now making throughout the free States against American Slavery; therefore,

Resolved, That we believe the time fully to have arrived, when such administration of our Government, and such a social recognition of the rights of man as will establish justice, and secure liberty throughout the land, and to all the people thereof, is imperatively demanded, and that, taking for our motto, "A Union of Freemen," we invite a hearty co-operation, to this end, of all classes, sects, and parties.

There were other resolutions presented—on the kidnapping of a man in Boston, and his reduction to slavery by Capt. Hannum—on Judge Edmond's decision, in the case of George Kirk, in New-York—on the death of Thomas Clarkson—on the Evangelical Alliance [an evangelical humbug]—and on the sympathy and aid which the friends of humanity in England are giving to our cause; but as, in the earnestness of our discussion they were not adopted, it is not necessary to publish them.—They served their purpose in being texts for discussion. Such, too, was the case with the above preamble and resolution, which were not adopted, but were discussed through the remainder of the afternoon, in a very animated debate. Thomas Davis, Martin Cheeney, A. Bronson Alcott, C. M. Burleigh, J. B. Sanderson, of Lynn, and others participated in this discussion. The main point of difference was the question of the rightfulness and policy of voting under our national Government with its present Constitution; but the debate took a liberal range, embracing various incidental topics, in some way connected with this. The large audience seemed thoroughly interested with the kind and earnest clashing of contending thoughts.

Thomas Davis and others urged that the American Constitution is better than that of any other Government, and is, in the main, just and equal; that those articles which sanction slavery may be amended and repealed—that they are now made null by the popular will, where anti-slavery opinions prevail, so that they are now of very little importance; and that it is more practicable to operate under the Constitution, and through the Government, than to attempt to destroy them.

In reply, it was said by Mr. Cheeney and others, that, however many good things the Constitution might contain, its patronage to Slavery was none the less a fact, and practically, that overruled all its principles of freedom; that it was condemned, not for the good, but *evil*, and that the fair professions of its preamble cannot hide the pro-slavery action of its compromises; that the effort to disprove these pro-slavery features was like an argument to prove the soundness of a tree whose rottenness is visible. These ingenious arguments might prove that the Constitution *ought* to have been anti-slavery, but they did nothing to prove it so; for the testimony of its framers, in their debates upon it, the contemporaneous and successive legislation under it, the universal construction of the Courts, and understanding of the people, too plainly prove that Slavery finds shelter under that political compact. Under its fostering care, the institution has grown from a comparatively feeble one to a monstrous system which rules the nation, and dictates its policy, and treads down its freedom. The Constitution, so far as slaveholders can use it to protect Slavery, is always their shield; but the moment it ceases to serve their object, true to that end, they trample the national compact in the dust, and do outrage upon the rights of human nature. Our rights are not protected by it, our citizens are shot, or hung, or enslaved, or branded, because they carry a complexion or opinions not agreeable to the South; the rights of the press and speech have a thousand times been invaded, the nation's honor defiled, and the interests of free labour prostrated, and what redress is given us by the Constitution or Government? The Government itself is but the agent of the slaveholders, doing what they did. Though in many of their outrages, the slave-power violates the Constitution itself, yet it has gained the courage and strength to do it through the protection given it by that compact of the States. The law warmed the viper into life, which now stings and kills contrary to its prohibitions; but it is its nature, and the Government that gave it the power to do that evil, is responsible for these violations of its own laws. In becoming partners in this slaveholding Government, we are aiding the slaveholder, and are partners in his guilt. We could not rightfully give it our allegiance or support for a day, much less until it could be amended by a vote of three-fourths of the States. Nor is it necessary for us to vote, in order to change the laws and overthrow Slavery, for that will be a necessary result of Anti-Slavery public sentiment. To this end, then, should we address ourselves by truth, argument, and noble and free lives.

These are some of the views thrown out on both sides of the question, faintly sketched. Mr. Alcott told us we need not talk of *disunion*, for we have no union now—these are not *United States*, but *dis*-United States, and must be so while Slavery was an element among them. The afternoon meeting adjourned in the midst of this discussion, and it was continued through a portion of the evening. The rest of it was principally occupied by James N. Buffum and Parker Pillsbury, who had just arrived. Mr. Buffum gave an amusing and interesting narrative of his English tour with Frederick Douglass. Some remarks he made on some manifestations of Baptist pro-slavery, brought on a little discussion relative to the position of that sect. Mr. Fillmore, a Methodist clergyman, tried to parry the blow he thought aimed at his rival sect—a very disinterested act. The attempt brought forth fresh facts from Mr. Buffum and Lucian Burleigh. The latter told of an assertion of the great revival preacher, Elder Swan, that he had rather be a member of a church of devils, than of a church of Abolitionists. Doubtless the Abolitionists are quite willing he should gratify his preference; it certainly accords with his pro-slavery sympathies. Mr. Buffum told of a Baptist Church in Marblehead, where the pews were sold on condition that they should be rented to no one but "reputable white persons," thus excluding sinners and coloured people. The same church, in having a Sabbath School Celebration, would not invite the Unitarians to aid in it, but sent to Lynn, and invited the artillery company to their help.

Mr. Pillsbury spoke at some length, and with great power, on the Mexican war, and other topics, which closed up the evening. The large hall was crowded with an intelligent looking audience, and it was evident that a good impression was made upon the multitude assembled. Late in the evening, the Society adjourned to meet again on Friday, the 13th, as the hall was to be occupied on Thursday with a Peace meeting.

FRIDAY, November 13.

The society met at ten o'clock, A. M. Sophia Little spoke briefly, and was followed by James N. Buffum in a further narrative of his English tour. The Treasurer's report was then presented. It showed the society was free from debt, and in a condition to enter unburdened upon a fresh campaign. The question of finance having been raised by this report, it was continued by remarks from George L. Clarke, Thomas, Davis, and C. M. Burleigh, during which, the finance committee took pledges and contributions to the society. Mr. Cheney followed in some remarks, partly in answer to the question: "What do the Abolitionists propose to do?" Some objecting to our measures, he gave a chapter from his own experience, illustrating the process of his own conviction of the soundness of Anti-Slavery principles and measures.

Mr. Wigfall, a slaveholder of South Carolina, at the invitation of some of the friends present, spoke at much length, giving his views upon Slavery, and the Slave-Trade. He is a disciple of Calhoun—a lawyer. He studied with the great Nullifier; and he is thoroughly marked by his master's opinions. He began by telling us he was "a *slaveholder*; a trafficker in human flesh;" he believed with John Randolph, "in calling a *gourd handle*, a gourd handle." He never concealed the character of Slavery under the name of "peculiar institution." He called it what it *was*—Slavery. He said, that if he admitted the premises of the Abolitionists, he must come to their conclusions: if Slavery is a sin, or an evil, either morally, socially, or politically, it ought to be abolished, and he would go for its abolition; but he maintained that it was *no* evil in any sense. He affirmed it was a humane institution—a blessing to both master and slave, and to the country. He denied the truth of the "Virginia ab[illegible]ons," that all men were created *free* and equal, and [illegible]owed with inalienable rights. No man, said he, is created free—we are all born slaves—the property of our parents till we are of age,—and as to equality, it is perfectly absurd—men are not born equal in anything, physical, intellectual, moral, social, or political condition, and to assert it is to assert absolute nonsense. He defended the African Slave-Trade as right in itself, though now accompanied with some abuses, resulting from the injudicious attempt to suppress it, and thought it should be *regulated* by law, that it might be carried on in a humane manner. He denounced the hypocrisy that would pronounce the Slave-Trade piracy in Africa, and license it at home—and said, if it was piracy to buy and sell slaves there, it was PIRACY in Washington or South Carolina; but the trade was humane, for it introduced savage and idolatrous people into a land of civilization and Christianity, and both Slavery and the Slave-Trade were authorized in the Bible. His whole proof was drawn from the Bible, and his argument proved that he had studied Dr. Wayland and Fuller carefully. He went over the usual commentary on a few passages in the Scripture—totally overlooking the general spirit of the Bible, disposed to make the great law of *love* bend to a single text, rather than make the text bend to the spirit of love. He contended that God established Slavery among the Israelites, when they were *free* from it; that it was no toleration or permission of a long-established custom, but the *commencement* of a system of Slavery by authority of God, and the same was also true of the slave-trade. For this reason, it could not be sin, or an evil of any kind. Jesus Christ never condemned Slavery, though always surrounded by it, nor could he have done it, for he is God, and as God, had already authorized the establishment of a system of slavery to continue "forever." Some one asked him if the Bible authorized enslaving *blacks*. "I do not know," said he, "that it made any difference in colour, and we are not at all particular whether they are black or *white*, provided we can make them work well." He defended the policy of South Carolina in imprisoning coloured seamen, as necessary, and asserted that they would never submit to any attempt of the Federal Government to prevent it. Nor would they remain in the Union an hour, if the protection of the National Government was taken from Slavery. He was ready for the North to dissolve the Union as soon as it chose.

Mr. Wigfall was a fluent, and at times an eloquent speaker, and had an air of frankness and sincerity about him that almost convinced us, that he had deluded himself into the belief of the monstrosities which he asserted. He had a very unfavorable audience to operate upon, for they were mostly Abolitionists, and he evidently had but little sympathy from them. He told us that his argument was only addressed to those who believed in the divinity of Christ. To Unitarians he had nothing to say. O, Jesus, thou Beautiful Lover of Man! what Cruelties and Crimes are done in thy name!

The morning session was closed with this speech, but the afternoon was chiefly occupied by Jona Walker and Parker Pillsbury in reply. I cannot report these speeches, but will only say, they were worthy of the heads and hearts from which they came. Mr. Pillsbury with great power, drew the attention of the audience to the evidence we had seen of the depraving influence of Slavery in the spectacle we had just witnessed, of a naturally noble and generous man, blinded and benumbed in his moral sense till he could defend that system of untold cruelty and misery, in a strain of solemn earnestness and with a subdued tone, as though lamenting over the cold remains of a dear friend who had fallen a victim to vice; he pictured the ruin that Slavery had wrought on slave and master, and the barrenness and blindness it had sent into his soul, who had done outrage to his nature in defending the crime. He noticed the defect of our false religious teaching, in the moral perverseness of such men who had drunk it in from childhood. After a few remarks from Thomas Davis on free discussion, and B. Arnold on the Constitution, the meeting adjourned.

At the commencement of the meeting the following resolutions on the death of N. P. Rogers were introduced by George L. Clark, who spoke briefly in eulogy of our departed brother. He was followed by William Adams, Thomas Davis, Lucian and Cyrus M. Burleigh. These remarks were all brief, but earnest. While some of the speakers admitted his errors and faults, they felt that a great and brilliant and good man had fallen—had risen—from among us, and in the depth of personal love, they spake their grief for themselves—their joy for him. The resolutions were then unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That with unaffected sorrow, we receive the mournful intelligence of the death of Nathaniel Peabody Rogers. In his death, Humanity has lost a truthful, loving, earnest, and unflinching champion of freedom and the rights of private judgment, whose place cannot be easily filled, and whose fidelity to duty, and gentleness of deportment, as well as firmness of purpose and unwavering fortitude, have endeared him to the universal heart of man, "even his enemies being judges," and given him a large and welcome place in our sweetest recollections.

Resolved, That by this mournful death, a brightly beautiful and benignant star has been struck from the glowing constellation of Freedom: one that shone by no borrowed light; but by the sparkling corruscations of his own native wit and genius, illuminated the gloomy prison-house of bondage, and the more than dungeon-darkness of bigotry, and old and sanctified error.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of our dear departed brother, who, to his now lonely and afflicted wife and sorrowing children, was life, and joy, and hope, a beam of sunshine, to cheer their pathway; who, to them, was the gentlest of the gentle, and in harmony with whose soul of music and beauty, theirs were sweetly tuned. We painfully feel their loss, with our own. To this mourning group, we tender our affectionate and most heartfelt sympathies, delighting to recur to his truthful life, and calm, self-possessed, and hopeful death, for such consolations as we or they may need.

Resolved, That while in love and honour for our fallen champion, we, in accordance with his own spirit and wide benevolence, drop a tear of love and sympathy for all—we buckle about us more tightly the harness of reform, and with manlier tread, and firmer heart and hand, urge on the contest to its glorious consummation—

"While from his flag, that twines its shivered staff,
One line we draw,
To be our watchword, and his epitaph,—
EXCELSIOR!"

Resolved, That the Anti-Slavery public earnestly look for the promised volume of selections from the writings of N. P. Rogers, and that his numerous lamenting friends will treasure it, not only as an invaluable contribution to the reform literature of this age, but as an enduring memorial of a great and good man.

Mr. Wales (a Democratic politician), then came upon the stage, and gave a long, frothy, and bombastic speech, in favour of political action, and the Democratic party in general, and of Mr. Polk and the annexation of Texas in particular. He was followed by one or two other speakers, when Mr. Pillsbury again took the floor. He alluded to the resolutions just adopted, upon Mr. Rogers, and spoke of the strength of his love for him, and of the suffering and sorrow he (Mr. P.) had endured, in consequence of the late difficulty in relation to the Herald; also of the cruel charges which had been made against him, since Mr. Rogers's death, of having been one of his murderers. He said he felt entirely innocent of wrong in that case, however mistaken he might have been, and he was willing to leave his action to the scrutiny of the Future. These remarks, I think, were called out by the allusion of Wm. Adams, to the opposition which Rogers met with, within a few years. Mr. Pillsbury then slid from this topic to the general subject, and gave a most searching and stringent exposure of the pro-slavery religion of the land, and dissected Dr. Wayland and the American Board with a skillful knife. This brought up Rev. Mr. Fillmore again, who attempted to act as a shield to these pro-slavery divines. Alas! for Mr. Fillmore; he did not know what hazard he run when he threw himself into the brawny arms of that son of the Granite mountains. He received his *fill*—more than he sought, I apprehend, and then he grew irritable, and behaved as though he had forgotten that it was any part of a Christian minister's duty to exercise the courtesy of a gentleman. Another Methodist minister rose, and with the solemn authority of a demi-pope, warned the people against us, and then hurried for the door, as though he feared that danger lurked behind him.

The hall was perfectly crammed this evening, though the weather, which had been very rainy for some days, still continued bad. At a late hour, the meeting adjourned, and the friends separated, refreshed and strengthened by their communication. The meeting has been a good one. It has evidently left a fine impression on the popular mind, removed some prejudice, and softened some antipathy.

C. M. BURLEIGH, *Sec. pro tem.*

We find the following important document in the Boston Courier. We bespeak for it a careful perusal from those who are not yet convinced of the expediency of immediate emancipation:

To the Editor of the Courier:

The remarks contained in the extracts given below, are interesting not only in themselves, but as touching on the same topic that was so ably discussed in a letter, which was published a few days ago, in the *Courier*. The writer of these extracts is well known to the public, as Governor of one of the British provinces in America, and as having held for several years, high official stations in the East Indies and Africa. He was likewise Governor of the Leeward Islands, at the time the emancipation act of the British Parliament was carried into effect in the West Indies. Speaking, as he does, from much experience, his opinions may justly claim respect and consideration. The scheme which he suggests is founded on the broadest principles of justice and philanthropy; and, with the consent and co-operation of the slave States, such a scheme would undoubtedly be practicable.

Extracts from a Letter addressed to a Gentleman in the United States,——November 7, 1846.

I have from time to time intended to write to you—watching, as I have, the progress of events which might indicate the "signs of the times." The political atmosphere, like that of nature, is a pervading medium in which we live and move, and yet, when the wind rises, how unable we still are to tell "whence it cometh and whither it bloweth." Lord Bacon remarks, that "when we view second causes confederate and linked together, we must needs fly to Providence and Deity," and it is well to have this dependence amidst the conflict of the unruly passions of men.

In my last I expressed a hope, that the affairs of the South would present an opening for a successful movement on the Slavery question: surely you may profit from our experience. My persuasion is, that the time is approaching when effect must be given to your memorable declaration, that "all men are born free, and are entitled to the blessings of life and liberty." To obtain this full recognition, the initiation must be taken by yourselves, where the movement before commenced, and if carried out in a right spirit, I cannot doubt that it will be attended with entire sucess.

I am far from thinking that you should, on abstract principles, refuse to recognize the claim of the slave owner, either where he is responsible or not for the manner in which he acquired it; nor would I absolve the slave from a pecuniary obligation to a certain extent.

The primary object is to affirm the equal and constitutional rights of the *coloured man*, subject to the conditional fulfilment, on emancipation from slavery, of a definite liability to discharge the claim on his services. In the British Colonies, and I believe generally, the average price of slaves purchased with plantations, was five years of the value of their labour.

In some foreign colonies it was a common practice for slaves to be allowed by *ticket* or *certificate*, to hire out their services and change their employers, on condition of their paying monthly a stipulated sum, with which the owners sometimes hired others if they required them. This approximation to the relation of master and servant worked a signal amelioration in the condition of the slaves, and prepared them for future changes, while in reality it may have retarded the abolition of Slavery.

The Spanish law recognizes the right of the slave to reclaim his freedom by purchase; or to transfer his services to another on the like terms, a law which contemplated and would doubtless have accomplished the extinction of Slavery, but for the continuance of the Slave-Trade.

The principle itself is universally just where the public requires it; for we do not hesitate to compel the surrender of private property, even in making a canal or a railway, or in opening a street.

Hence the perfect right of the State to declare that all slaves between six and sixty years of age should be redeemable at a fixed value, and that all others, being unprofitable or burdensome, should be gratuitously freed, and, to facilitate this operation, that their names should be inscribed in a public register, in which the claim against each should be recorded, the whole class being at once declared free, subject to the special obligation to redeem the debt either in money or by labour for a definite term, say for five or six years; and as this obligation would be transferable, the arrangements between the parties would regulate themselves.

In Antigua, where the slaves were at once released from all compelled labour, associated gangs of voluntary labourers were ever ready to offer for work, when their services were not required on the plantations where they resided; but as the slave owner would in many cases expect and desire a prompt settlement of the claim for such of his slaves as should permanently remove, the State should be ready to interpose with its credit. This measure would in some degree approximate to the financial operation of paying off the stock by the creation of another. No one supposes that the State could raise at once the whole fund with which to discharge its debt, but from the condition of the money market at the time, the majority of the creditors are willing to accept the public security on other terms. The security in the present case would be of the nature of a terminable annuity, or a loan redeemable by instalments.

Having provided by law for compelling the due discharge of their obligations by the freed men, a guarantee to individual proprietors would at once be afforded against all contingent losses from deaths, &c., during the five or six years of bond service prescribed by law. Once assured of their *Status*, and of the definite and terminable claim on their services, a new impulse would be given to the exertions of the negroes, which in five or six years would work an immense change in their *habits*. Coercion would cease to be required, and in the few cases of vagrancy and crime, in which it might have to be applied by the magistrate, the employment by the State of their compelled labour, till it had produced the sum required, would be in the nature of a remedy for breach of engagement.

Although the probationary term of prædial service under the English abolition law took from the negro the incentive to voluntary exertion, the whip, which had been transferred to the magistrate, ceased to be the effective stimulous; and in Antigua, where the system was at once happily repudiated, it came to be wholly disused even in the jails, the labourer was no longer degraded by the lash, and vagrancy and delinquency were checked by organizing a police from amongst the negroes themselves on every estate—swearing in the most trustworthy of them as rural constables—and by placing the village communities, when not situated on the plantations, under common law responsibilities.

Now, it appears to me, that a matured plan is within the power of Congress, to be carried out as a domestic arrangement in every State, and if well digested and boldly advanced, the public mind would be prepared to embrace it. Let it be simple and comprehensive, trusting to integrity of purpose to give effect to it.

Do not suppose, however, that so great a change in the social condition of a people can be wrought unless the confidence of those to be benefited can be gained. The French, with the best disposition in their statesmen, have gone on calculating the *profit and loss* as of a speculation, till their negroes have learned to mistrust their plans, in the prosecution of which, they have lacked the higher incentive which might ere now have been effectual. One of their own writers has well observed, that "*le calcul est bon ouvrier mais mauvais maitre*," and our English abolition was mainly successful, because our negroes at once perceived that their own good was the main object of the people of England. Considering Slavery to be abhorrent to the principles of the Gospel, in the spirit of the woman who poured out the precious ointment, they were content to do "a good deed" by dispersing their twenty millions sterling rather lavishly, and acquiring the confidence and docile obedience to the Government of those, who considered that the movement had originated in a principle, and was carried through from a sense of religious obligation.

You may fairly set five or six years purchase for their freedom in the United States, against the six years of gratuitous labour imposed by the British Parliament, which were reduced to four by the Provincial Legislatures. Where a spirit of co-operation was early manifested by the Assemblies, or by individual proprietors, they reaped their reward in the better disposition of the negroes, so strikingly evinced in Antigua, where free settlements are now planted on every estate, and where demands for imported labourers have never existed.

One of the first fruits of the abolition of Slavery in Antigua, and those colonies where the confidence of the negroes was acquired, was the transfer of the whole value of the land which had previously comprehended the value of the land and the labourers; the obligation of maintaining a larger number with their families at all times, to meet the demand for labour at certain seasons, being no longer necessary; hence an augmentation in the value of estates from a reliance on the command of voluntary labour when required, and their more economical management.

The co-operation of the proprietors of Antigua in establishing churches and schools was also creditable to them, and it conducted materially to their success. Happily, the Parliament had interposed at an early period to prevent the removal of slaves from one colony to another, or Antigua and the old English colonies would have been depopulated; where improved cultivation and judicious management have since more than counterbalanced the advantage from breaking up new lands in other settlements, to which the negroes would have been transported.

I cannot but think that the times are favourable for an effective movement, for surely while expanding as you are, to the South and West, the rights of the coloured class must claim to be vindicated. No man could desire a nobler achievement to which to dedicate his life, and the value of it would be enhanced by the extinction of such an evil in the heart of your country.

To say nothing of those freemen, who are degraded and deprived of their rights, by reason merely of the colour of their skin, think only that the numbers who are now bought and sold in your markets, are already equal to the population who sixty years ago stood up to achieve their political independence, as it would seem, alas! to subject the negro race to an aggravated bondage, and to spread the bond of Slavery over countries in which freedom has been declared the *lex loci*.

Let me, however, observe, that nearly all the abuses now prevalent in the slave States of the Union, existed thirty years ago, in the British colonies. Free negroes were reduced to Slavery, unless they could prove their freedom to the satisfaction of local magistrates; the marriage tie was not respected; husbands were sold apart from their wives, and children, regarded as a burden, were torn from their parents; men were removed to other colonies, and worked out to spare their maintenance in old age, and the whip was the ordinary stimulus to their labour. If Slavery was not directly preached from the pulpit, it was but too often palliated, while the Christian teachers of the negroes were persecuted.

For a long period, the "*code noir*" of France, and still more, the liberal and enlightened enactments of *Cardinal Xemenes*, in the Spanish colonies, were a standing reproach to the nations boasting of their freedom.

There are doubtless many hereditary virtues subsisting among the Virginia planters, who, like the old English planters in the West Indies, are known to be a liberal, hospitable, and patriarchal race, often regarding their slaves as a part of their families, and making sacrifices for them of their interests and comfort; but the reverse of the picture, as with yourselves, has too often been presented in the British colonies, when absenteeism prevailed, or estates became impoverished, and families of slaves were broken up and sold apart, or driven from the places of their birth and the graves of their relatives! Then tribulations arose, and speculators intervened, who like *Shylock* in the play, were intent only on the profit of their purchase or the extraction of "their pound of flesh." Such managers are to be found among the active, money-getting people of both countries, they were rife in the West Indies in Slavery times, and it would be hard to say, if, under their tyranny, the negroes have not everywhere been corrupted.

Devoutly do I wish that the evil may be timely arrested—

"The slow disease which must consume at length,
Grows with your growth and strengthens with your strength."

P. S. The following brief extracts from Reports made by the Governors of Jamaica, Antigua, and Demerara, in the present year, the twelfth since the abolition of Slavery, are calculated to illustrate the foregoing remarks, and to encourage the friends of freedom:—

"JAMAICA, May 6, 1846, (LORD ELGIN.)

The zeal on behalf of the improvements of agriculture, of which it has been my pleasing duty from time to time to furnish such gratifying proofs, has not abated. Both owners and managers are assiduously engaged in introducing these changes in the system of cultivation, which is necessary to meet the exigencies of their position, as employers of free labour.

A reference to the effects produced by the substitution of the plough, harrows, and other implements of this class for the hoe, may serve to supply an illustration of the practical bearing of the measures before described on the general prosperity of the colony. Whatever changes of this nature can be adopted with propriety, they are necessarily followed, either by an extension of cultivation, or a diminished demand for manual labour, but they are also attended with other benefits.

The completion and opening of the Kingston and Spanish Town railway, may be considered one of the most notable occurrences of the past year. It is needless to insist on the general benefits which may be expected to flow from the introduction of railways in a country where the means of internal communication have been hitherto so defective; but it may be observed, that from their tendency to facilitate the division of labour, they can hardly fail to be productive of some peculiar advantage in a community which is passing from slavery to freedom, and where the population is scanty. Under the former system, where every proprietor had a body of slaves whom he was obliged to maintain, and for whom, consequently, it was his interest to find employment at all seasons, there was little temptation to seek economy of production in that direction.

In many most important respects, the expectations of the friends of emancipation have been unques-

tionably more than realized by the results of that measure. The peaceful demeanor of the recently emancipated classes—their general deference for law—their respect for religious observances, have formed the theme of repeated and well merited eulogy. No less remarkable and creditable to all classes, is the rapidity with which feelings tending to estrange slaves and slaveholders, have yielded to the growth of more kindly sentiments. When it is considered that the negro race in these colonies have passed at one stride, from Slavery to the full possession of the privileges enjoyed under the British Constitution in the nineteenth century—the readiness with which they have adapted themselves to their new position, and the moderation which they have generally displayed under circumstances so intensely interesting and exciting, are subjects of gratification as regards the past, and of hope for the future.

A connection more than usually intimate and palpable, subsists in this colony, between the interests of the proprietory and those of the peasant class. Every measure which substitutes fewer skilled for a greater number of unskilled labourers, raises the states of the latter; and whatever promotes their civilization, and moral and intellectual advancement, has a tendency to render them not only more skilful and trustworthy, but to induce them to flock more freely to market, as competitors for wages.

Among the various measures of amelioration proposed or adopted, none exceed in importance those which have the education of the rising generation for their object. The future welfare of the colony is deeply involved in their success or failure."

"*Antigua*, April 27, 1846. (*Lieut. Governor Cunningham.*)

The census of 1844 shows that 9-24ths of the entire population are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and allowing 160 estates to be in cultivation, the return in question would give an average of about 85 to each. If this number, or anything like it could be depended upon, it would be amply sufficient for all practical purposes. However, there is no such disposable amount of labour, and the question is, how that amount is to be increased. My own view certainly is, that the chief end and object of immigration, namely, the bringing a greater supply of labour into the market, would be best effected by the introduction of more economical management, and the adoption of improvements in the system of manuring and cultivation. A company has been established, to supply on hire, horse ploughs and horse hoes, and has met with much support and encouragement. As the object of this company is to do away with the necessity of keeping up large establishments on each estate for its own particular cultivation, it appears likely to exert a beneficial influence on agricultural affairs.

There are 7,387 scholars borne on the books of the schools in 1845, or about one-fifth of a population of 36,000."

"*Demerara*, March 31, 1846. (*Governor Light.*)

On the 29th, I visited early the village of Hope Town, consisting of at least 300 houses. The population is estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000; they have extensive provision grounds, and work on the neighbouring estates. The parish church is in the immediate neighbourhood, and the school at Fort Wellington is open to the children; from the moral and intelligent bearing of these people, they have felt the advantages of emancipation, without any appearance of disposition to retrograde.

The following day I visited the Africans, 150 in number, on the Mara estate. I have more than once spoken of this large establishment, which the enterprise of the owners, Messrs. Laing, has brought into existence. It would surprise persons disposed to find defective intelligence in the uneducated black, to see how soon it is developed when brought into contact with higher civilization: money, dress, and full liberty, they highly appreciate, and example makes them desirous of learning to read. Craig's village, established four or five years ago on the side of an abandoned estate, is now a large and irregularly built village, containing a population of 1,000 to 1,500. It has an Episcopal church and one of the Wesleyans. The labourers give their labour to the estates on both sides of the river, and it is notorious that the estates benfit largely by this vicinity.

Beyond Chantilly is L'Harmonie, sold to two brothers, subdivided into lots. Here are large and extensive provision grounds, with inferior cottages, two chapels, and schools—you see a number of children, some old people, and a sprinkling of able bodied labourers. But there is a population of perhaps one thousand—you ask where are the inhabitants, and are told that they are gone down the river or across the river, in the island of Essiquibo, or elsewhere. I do not quarrel with them for having rather inferior habitations to those of settlers near the towns.

Greenwich Park—The houses are hidden amidst the richness of every tropical edible, a mine of wealth to the people, which puts them above every personal want, and makes their industry, when applied to the staples, still more praiseworthy. Yet, at seasons, they can supply themselves at short distances, with fish to last for at least two months out of the twelve.

In the course of these pages, you will read that I have gone over the greatest part of the province, (British Guiana). There is nothing that bespeaks retrogression; new sources of riches present themselves, which were unthought of in former days. A most valuable earth has been discovered, giving a blue dye. Large exports of hemp from the plaintain stock, are in contemplation, and the farina from the fruit, is likely to be invaluable, as a substitute for arrow root, potato flour, and for making printer's gum."

These extracts, which might have been indefinitely extended from the reports of other colonies, sufficiently attest the genial disposition of the negro race, under the operation of equal laws, and civilizing influences.

One of the best papers on our exchange list is the Norfolk County American. The editor—E. L. Keyes—says he is no Abolitionist, but wishes that he was. We rejoice that if he is not, he deserves to be. The two following capital articles are from his last paper. The first prefaces the letter of Mr. Sears, which we published last week:

EMANCIPATION.—Some very indifferent, but on the whole, good sort of people, will turn away from the title of this introduction, as if it could not be followed by any thing interesting—by any thing, indeed, that they are not already worn out in hearing about. It will produce various impressions upon the various individuals whose eyes may chance to rest upon it, but one large class will turn up their (in many cases) already turned up noses, at it.—This class is composed of half and half people; persons of great self-esteem and vanity, who are not quite sure of their position in the world, but who flatter themselves, that they are as "good as any body." This class of ridiculous persons have very naturally acquired the belief that abolitionism and all its associations are vulgar, and hence, in their uncertain state, hovering in suspense upon the lower borders of gentility, they feel the necessity of shewing not only their absolute independence but their supreme contempt of the folly. They think it *dem foine* to bah and ugh at anti-slavery as extremely vulgar, and ill-bred boys think it pretty and smart to chew cheap tobacco, smoke nasty cigars, swear, and perform those various acts which render boys of a certain age and breeding the disgrace of communities and the curse of their parents.

This class is most numerous in cities, where the tailor makes the man, and where the greatest dunces, from the natural and inherent impudence which belongs to the animal, acquire a certain amount of notoriety with the greatest rapidity.

We are no abolitionist, but as Henry Clay said, when he stated that he was not a member of a church, "we wish we were." Anti-Slavery, that is, the emancipation of negroes held to slavery in the several States, is a subject that we have never discussed, and scarcely alluded to, in these columns. Many shallow-minded people who seldom penetrate below the surface of things, think our paper is as much abolition, as the talents of its editor can make it, while we never allude to the institution of slavery but as we allude to Locofocoism, viz.: as the opposite in principle and the enemy in practice to the political party to which we *have* belonged. We say *have* belonged, because if the Boston Atlas is to exercise supreme authority in the matter of membership, and continues much longer to exercise it, as it has done, in commanding such men as Phillips, Adams, Palfrey, Sumner and Allen "to the rear," we wish to reserve the right of going out when we choose, for highly as we think of the members of the Whig party, generally, we do not believe it can sustain many *such* sittings in New England, and preserve a decent reputation for talent and respectability.

Some of our readers may recollect that we stated sometime since, when referring to the "doubtful gentility," that the well-born, the well bred, the well-educated and the well-informed, were with scarcely an exception, abolitionists. There is scarcely a name, venerable and renowned in the proud annals of New England that is not now enrolled on the annals of Anti-Slavery membership; there is scarcely an ambitious upstart from the dunghill that is not *disgusted* with every thing relating to the subject. Confirmation of the last is hissed into one's ears at every corner; confirmation of the first is found in the following communication addressed to the Hon John Q. Adams by David Sears. Mr. Sears is one that may be called a born gentleman, and his life has answered the promise of his birth. He is not bound to struggle to maintain a doubtful position among the aristocracy, as are some of his neighbors in Beacon street; those, especially, who are but the unpolished remains of former green grocers and peddlers of small wares, but he is competent to hold such opinions as appear to him just and reasonable without danger of being injuriously affected either on change or in the drawing room. What some of these opinions are may be gathered from the following letter:

☞ Our glorious navy, in its brave bombardment of the defenceless city of Tobasco, killed about eighty woman and children. It was on Sunday that the glorious deed was done. The Polks—husband and wife, are exceedingly pious. Mrs. Polk has such influence over Mr. Polk that he goes to meeting regularly and forbids dancing in the White House. She cannot or will not, however, interfere with his more innocent sports, such as killing Mexican women and babies on Sunday. Those babies are catholics in embryo, and perhaps Mr and Mrs. Polk think that it is doing christian service to tear their tender bodies asunder—to send shot and shells among them while they are engaged in their worship or pastimes, and mutilate them—scattering their arms and legs and little hands and brains far apart from where nature placed them.

Perhaps some of those women and children whom Messrs. Polk, Winthrop, Abbot and others, caused to be murdered on that Sunday did not know, when they arose in the morning that such persons lived as Messrs. Polk, Winthrop and Abbot, much less did they think that they had so sinned against such persons that before night they would be brought to suffer a terrible punishment—the children, to see their parents frightfully mangled and bleeding and dying before them—those parents who took care of them and sheltered them, and, now that they are gone, have left them alone with no friend or home whither to go—the parents, to see their children, who but now were returning their smiles and rejoicing their hopes, unconscious of danger, torn suddenly from their arms or sides, by cannon shot, and scattered in bloody piece-meal over their recent playground, now wet and clotty with brains. Had the mortars which caused such dreadful, unprovoked havoc at Tobasco, been made to carry their deathly charges into our Executive mansion, into the cabinet council and among the war members of Congress, Justice would have had less occasion to mourn. God grant that the mangled bodies of the innocent victims murdered in broad daylight in that city of Tobasco, in obedience to the commands of the United States Congress, may lie heavy upon the conscience of each member of that Congress who voted for the war, and upon those of the President and guilty members of his cabinet. Day and night, asleep or awake, alone or in company, may a frightful vision of the pale and bleeding corpses which they have made, be ever present with them, poisoning the fountains of their happiness, and turning every blessing into a curse, until in a nightmare of horror and remorse, they shall be led to cry peace as bravely and openly as they once cried war. Brave men! honorable members of Congress!! They have *bravely* HIRED ruffians, with money which did not belong to them, to *steal* territory for the spread of Slavery, and to kill defenceless women and babies. If Satan yet presides in council, he must have decreed a saturnalia at the news of the declaration of this war,—at any rate, the devil which keeps watch over Massachusetts might have consistently gone mad with joy when he heard that the proxy butcheries of Winthrop and Abbot had been endorsed by the civilized Christians of Massachusetts.

THE SOUTHERN "LEARNED BLACKSMITH."

Our readers will remember an account which was given some months since of a "learned blacksmith—a slave—now living in Alabama. The Liberia Advocate, a paper published in St. Louis, publishes the following letter.—Here at least is no "abolition lie," and the Abolitionists never told one—even if we grant that falsehood is their common language—that speaks with half the force of this single fact. Here is an eminently pious and learned man held as a chattel slave; and the Church of Jesus Christ, in these United States, pays two thousand five hundred dollars for him, that he may be sent as a missionary out of the country! The Church must buy her apostles, and she finds the stock among those she herself makes, as far as they can be made, things and brutes:

PAULDING, Miss. Sept. 1846

Bro. Finley:—It is known to you that several years since, the Synods of Mississippi and Alabama resolved to unite in the noble Christian enterprize of purchasing the slave Ellis and his family to be sent to Africa as a missionary family. The two Synods have, as you have heard, at last, after a long delay, succeeded in raising the desired amount [$2500] and Ellis has now been purchased, and is in the hands of the committee of the Synod, and will sail in December. This I look upon as one of the most noble and interesting enterprises that has been undertaken by the Southern church for a long time. Perhaps none of equal interest, considering the magnitude of its prospective results, has ever been undertaken. To one who is familiar with the details of the history of this man Ellis, the subject is full of interest.

He is a remarkable man. For years past he has labored to acquire an education, under circumstances of difficulty and discouragement rarely if ever surrounding any man. He is a most excellent blacksmith, and his shop has in consequence been always crowded with work; and of course, at night, it would be natural to expect he would be fatigued, and willing to rest. But this, his leisure time, and every spare moment, has been assiduously devoted to study. And thus he has studied the Greek and Latin languages pretty thoroughly, and has made considerable proficiency in Hebrew. In addition to this he has paid considerable attention to the sciences, and is now a far better scholar than many who have had every advantage. He is to be examined with a view to licensure at the meeting of the Tuscaloosa Presbytery, on the fourth Thursday of the present month. He has a Latin exegesis, a critical exercise, and a popular sermon to exhibit, as parts of trial. It will no doubt be an interesting occasion.

Bro. McNair, who was appointed the agent of the Synod of Mississippi in this case, related to me the circumstance of an interview which he and Bro. Stillman, of Eutaw, held with Ellis, and they were truly thrilling. It took place on the morning after the purchase had been completed. To use Bro. McNair's language, "he had often heard of expressions of gratitude, but never had he seen the visible manifestations of it to such a degree before."

Communications.

Letter from Westen New-York.

OSWEGO COUNTY, Nov. 26, 1846.

Dear Friend Gay:—I had almost despaired of ever seeing an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society in this county, when, on taking up a late number of the Standard, I saw announced a series of meetings for this region, to be addressed by William W. Brown. I immediately took the liberty to procure houses, and give notices in the towns of Hannibal, Granby, and Fulton. The Liberty party friends raised a hue and cry of anti-Church, anti-ministry, anti-Sabbath, &c.; but all their efforts were unavailing, the people would hear.

Mr. Brown lectured in Fulton on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday evenings. His eloquent appeals in behalf of his brethren in bonds on Monday evening, raised such an excitement, that, notwithstanding the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church had, two days previous, refused to let him into their house, because he was a Garrison Abolitionist, now threw open their door, and came by hundreds, and sat quietly until eleven o'clock, p. m. and heard that Garrisonism promulgated which the priests have so long tried to render odious and contemptible.

Friend Brown reviewed that rope of sand, the Constitution of the United States, and proved beyond successful contradiction, that it was a pro-slavery compact, and that no consistent Abolitionist could vote or take office under it. This displeased our friends of the Liberty party, and at the close of his remarks, two or three of them rushed to the rescue; but friend Brown answered their objections, demolished their arguments, and discharged at them a volley of wit and sarcasm which caused them, rabbit-like, to hide their heads, while their bodies were in full view of the marksman.

Friend Brown had announced this as his last meeting, but on Tuesday morning he was called on by some of the first men in the place, and requested to give another lecture on Disunion. He accepted the invitation, and by noon out came a flaming handbill, saying that by "special invitation," he would give another lecture on Disunion. Night came, and with it a large concourse to the church, and there he vindicated the character of the American Anti-Slavery Society in a masterly manner.—The doctrine was new and startling, but the speaker was eloquent and uncompromising, and the people received the word gladly, and new friends were added to the cause. In some of his remarks, he charged James G. Birney with saying, if he were elected President of the United States, in taking the oath he should mentally reserve the privilege of construing it as he understood it: and with receiving $2,200 a year as Secretary; which was denied *in toto*. Please give us something of this matter, and also of the transfer of the Emancipator, through the Standard. Respectfully, your friend,

MORRIS KINGSBURY.

NOVEMBER 27th.

P. S. I have just heard that the Liberty party in Fulton have sent for one of their lecturers, Martin Mitchel, to follow friend Brown through the county. I sincerely hope that the old pioneer society will not allow the good seed sown by Brown, to be choked by that hollow-hearted, soulless, incubus, *Liberty Partyism*. Will they not send on Parker Pillsbury to finish the work Brown has so nobly begun. M. K.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 10, 1846.

A Discourse, Preached at Syracuse, on the Evening of November 1st, 1846, by Samuel J. May.

Gallatians v. 13, 14. Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty. Use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another; for all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

There is only too much evidence, that even in Christian countries, we have barely begun to appreciate aright the lesson, which Christ so earnestly taught, of the obligation all men are under to respect and love one another. Respect enough is paid to some men; but if we observe to whom, and under what circumstances this respect is paid, we shall easily discover, that it is not paid to the man so much as to the office he holds—to the power he wields, (by reason of his office or his wealth,) of giving loaves and fishes to such as covet them. Kings, Presidents, Governors, are honoured. But there is very little honour paid to man as man—to man as a rational and moral being, endowed by the Creator with far higher faculties, and nobler affections, than He has bestowed upon any other creatures of this world.

So, too, all men may love some, a few, at least those with whom they happen to be intimately connected, and from whom they may be continually receiving proofs of attachment. "Publicans and sinners love those that love them." But there is very little of that regard amongst men for one another which Jesus enjoined upon us in his second great command—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." There is very little of that benevolence, which our consciousness of what we ourselves need to make us comfortable and happy, should awaken towards fellow-beings, whose comfort and happiness depend upon the same things. The undue regard, which is so generally paid to the mere external circumstances of some men, still usurps the place of that deep interest which ought to be felt by every one, in the true well-being of all. Men have as yet no just respect for themselves, and consequently can have no just respect for others. "The great are honoured," says Dr. Channing, "at the expense of the race.—They absorb and concentrate the world's admiration, and their less gifted fellow-beings are thrown by their brightness into a deeper shade, and passed over with a colder contempt. Now I have no desire to derogate from the honour paid to great men; but I say, let them not rise by the depression of the multitude. I say, that great men, justly regarded, exalt our estimate of the human race, and bind us to the multitude of men more closely; but when they are not so regarded, when they are converted into idols, when they serve to wean our interest from ordinary men, they corrupt us, they sever the sacred bond of humanity which should attach us to all, and our characters become vitiated by our very admiration of greatness. The true view of great men is, that they are only examples and manifestations of our common nature, showing what belongs to all souls, though unfolded as yet only in a few."

Jesus of Nazareth was the perfect man. In him we may see, if we are able to appreciate it, the highest excellence of humanity, the development of that divinity which there is in every soul. To effect this development neither wealth, nor station, nor learning are necessary. Jesus had neither. But the divine influence, by which he became what he was, is proffered to all men, and if they would yield themselves wholly to it, would help them to become, like him, sons of God. (John i. 12.) Every man therefore is (in virtue of his humanity) entitled to far more honour, than is due to the son of a King; because every man is able to become a son of God, and to obtain a crown of righteousness, before which victors' wreaths and monarch's diadems fade away as things of little worth. Jesus recognized in all men capacities like his own—the rich and the poor—the wise and the ignorant—the honoured and the despised—the virtuous and the vicious were regarded by him as beings having a nature like his own, allied to God the Father of all; and he called, encouraged, urged all to aspire after the righteousness, to which he had attained. This was the purpose of his mission. But how strangely has it been lost sight of—how sadly perverted! The chief aim of religionists has been to exalt the lowly Jesus at the expense of Humanity—to decry, utterly to disparage the human race, in order that the nature and office of Christ might be made to appear all the more superhuman. The whole race has been declared by the Church, "to be dead in sin, wholly defiled in all their faculties and parts of soul and body—utterly indisposed, disabled and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil—and consequently bound over to the wrath of God, the curse of the Law, and so made subject to death, with all miseries spiritual, temporal, and eternal."

Of course, those who believed this monstrous dogma respecting human nature, (and the whole Christian world once professed to believe it,) could see nothing in men *as men*, that was deserving of honour; and could easily consent to set at naught any or all of the rights of man. Therefore the minds, as well as the bodies of the great mass of men, were for ages kept in entire subjection to the precious few, who claimed to be authorized, ordained by Christ to indoctrinate, to govern, to work, and to punish men, as they pleased.

But since the Reformation of the 16th century, this horrible doctrine respecting human nature, and the system of superstition, absurdity, and oppression, established upon it, have gradually given way.* More scriptural, rational, honourable views of man have been spreading through the Protestant world; and as these have come to prevail, a greater respect for the rights of all men, and a livelier interest in the welfare of all, have become apparent in the conduct of individuals, and the institutions of society.

The first gross imposition, which men were roused by the spirit of the new age to throw off, was that which assumed to forbid them to use their own minds and hearts in judging of religious truths, and required them to believe implicitly whatever the Church should teach respecting God, Christ, and Humanity. This bold assertion of spiritual freedom, made by the Reformers, waked up the slumbering intellect of mankind. Thought, investigation, and discussion commenced on various subjects. The Church was soon broken up into numberless sects, each retaining or rejecting more or less of the faith, which had for ages been imposed upon all.

Redemption from spiritual thraldom led men very naturally to think of their civil rights. Political revolutions consequently took place in every Protestant land, the results of which were to abridge in a smaller or a larger measure the powers and privileges of the few, and to extend correspondingly the prerogatives of the many. It was not to be expected that all which needed to be done to secure to men the due exercise and enjoyment of all their rights, would be done at once. The perceptions of men have grown clearer as they have advanced towards the desired end. Each successive age, since the era of improvement began, has discerned some wrong in the existing institutions of Church or State, that was not perhaps thought of in the age that preceded. The establishment of one right has but prepared for the annunciation of some new claim of humanity. And the end is not yet. Other struggles, other triumphs, await the friends of liberty and virtue. Never was the cry for reform so general nor so ardent as at this day, and they who oppose its progress will have reason to hope, that their deeds and their names may be forgotten through all coming time.

The American Revolution was to the civil, what the Protestant Reformation was to the spiritual well-being of man—the declaration to the world of great principles, that lie at the foundation of all social and individual improvement. This declaration was joyfully hailed as the dawn of a new day to the oppressed throughout the world. But the principles then announced seem to have been not fully apprehended by any,—and sadly misapprehended by many who espoused them.

In no one of these States were the right of all men equally regarded in the constitutions that were adopted; and in some of the States these principles were utterly set at naught, although the Revolutionists had solemnly pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honour to maintain them.

Of the thirteen original States that formed this Confederacy, all but three perpetuated the institution of Slavery, in the new frames of Government which they devised for their several democracies; and they concurred in ratifying the Constitution of our Republic, which, by some of its provisions, consigned, at that time, five hundred thousand, and now holds nearly three millions in the abject condition of domesticated animals. The effects of this compromise, in the Constitution of our Union have been most disastrous. That "little leaven hath leavened the whole lump." It has given rise to an essential, irreconcileable discrepancy of interests between those States in which Slavery does, and those in which it does not exist. A continual strife has therefore been kept up for ascendency in the councils and administration of the Federal Government—a strife in which it is now obvious enough that the slaveholding obligarchy of our country has been too successful. To establish themselves in this ascendency, more territory has been demanded. A large portion of an adjoining Republic has therefore been surreptitiously foisted into our Union; and the consequence is, that we are now deeply involved in an aggressive war, which has already cost us thousands of lives—several hundred millions of dollars; and if we are the conquerors, (as in all human probability we shall be,) our ruin is inevitable. Our glory will be our shame. Our success will be our destruction.

But I mean not to dwell on this topic now. There is something else that at this moment demands the more especial attention of us citizens of the State of New-York. I have alluded to our national history because it presents a signal illustration of the folly and danger of consenting to any compromise of a known principle of righteousness; and that I may admonish you all the more solemnly to act with the *strictest* regard to the rights of man, in reference to a momentous question that is, in a few days, to be submitted to your election. I enjoin it upon you not to listen to the suggestions of a supposed party expediency. Any party, whose interests can be even temporarily promoted by violating the rights of any man, must be vitally hostile to the true honour, the best good of our country. Even more earnestly would I exhort you not to suffer yourselves to be influenced by a cruel prejudice against a much-injured portion of our race; but conscientiously govern yourselves in the vote you are to give on the question of "Equal Suffrage to coloured persons," by that best of all rules—*the Golden Rule*. Do for that class of your fellow-citizens precisely what you would have them do for you, in an exchange of circumstances. You owe them a debt for past wrongs, which you can never pay. Do not enhance it by continued injustice.

Until a few years ago, many of the coloured population of New-York were held as slaves; and none of them were permitted to exercise the prerogative of freemen. In the Constitution, under which we are now living, coloured men were admitted to the elective franchise, but on conditions very onerous in comparison with those that were imposed upon white men; such as, in a great many instances, have amounted to a prohibition. In the Constitution, which is about to be submitted to the people, it is proposed to admit that class of persons to all the privileges of electors, on the same conditions with others. This is due to them. It cannot be honourably, nor honestly withheld. No man who means to do as he would be done by, will fail to vote in favour of this amendment to our proposed Constitution.

Some indeed may think, that the elective franchise is already bestowed at too cheap a rate,—that it would be desecration to make it more common than it is; and that we ought rather to multiply the conditions, enhance rather than lower the qualifications, on which that prerogative shall be enjoyed. Allowing this to be a correct view of the subject, it does not militate against the claim we are urging on behalf of our coloured fellow-men. We only insist that, let the other qualifications for citizenship be what they may, complexion ought not to be one, because the colour of his skin is not dependent upon the will, the endeavour, or the neglect of any man; and it does not in the least affect his intellectual or moral ability to discharge well the obligation, which the elective franchise imposes. We do insist that, in a community where grossly ignorant, notoriously intemperate, and otherwise immoral men are freely admitted to the polls, it is now and ever must be eminently unjust to exclude those, who may be very intelligent, perfectly temperate, upright, pure, and elevated in their characters, merely because they have descended from progenitors who were born in Africa instead of Europe. Raise the qualifications for citizenship as much as you may, impose whatever conditions you please, all we demand is that coloured men shall be admitted as freely as others, admitted on the same terms.

But some insist, that coloured men belong to an inferior portion of the human race. What then, if this were so, it would vitiate our claim for them, no more than the objection we have just considered. For we only say that, wherever the community may place the standard of qualification, so soon as coloured men attain to that standard, they ought to be freely admitted to all the privileges to which such qualification would entitle any other men. If they be naturally inferior, it may be more difficult for them to reach the prescribed mark; but, whenever they do, they should be cordially crowned with the honour. It does seem to me ineffably mean in us, to put the conditions as low as possible, that we may accommodate the least worthy persons of white complexion, and then to superadd other qualifications for coloured men, who may be much more deserving in every particular; and to do this too, on the plea that they are naturally inferior. Inferior! to whom, pray? Surely, not to those white men, who, if the same conditions were prescribed to them, would be likewise excluded. Inferior! to whom, I fain would know.—Surely, not to those white men, who, if they were subjected to the same disabilities, discouragements, and disheartening influences, would acquire no more intellectual or moral worth, nor indeed any more property than the coloured men have done. Inferior! to whom, I once more peremptorily ask? Most certainly not to those white men, who, with all the superior advantages that white men have ever enjoyed, are notoriously more ignorant, more unthrifty, more immoral, than they. The coloured race naturally inferior! This is a broad conclusion indeed to draw, from the slender premises we have. Because the Anglo-Americans have, for the last three hundred years, been enslaving, over-working, half-starving, the Africo-Americans—treating them with every indignity, denying them all instruction, but that which makes them more profitable working animals, and forbidding them to aspire to any estate of humanity higher than the lowest—because we and our progenitors have so treated them and their progenitors, as to repress all action of the mind, all play of the affections—and have found some of them to be, what we have done everything to make them—degraded mentally, morally, and physically, why then forsooth they are naturally so. They are an inferior race of bipeds, and could not have been intended by the Creator to stand on the same level with us white men—to exercise the same prerogatives, and enjoy the same privileges. What bold assumption, what bare-faced effrontery! Why, those who know anything about the history of mankind, cannot be ignorant that the black variety of our race was foremost in the sciences, arts, and amenities of civilization. They cannot be ignorant that some of the most famous nations of antiquity were African,—and that there have been highly distinguished warriors, statesmen, philosophers, mathematicians, poets, and theologians, whose skins were black. Indeed there is significance in that old fable of Grecian mythology, that the gods paid an annual visit to the divine Ethiopians.

Nevertheless, under the pretext of the natural inferiority of coloured men, it is, that the slaveholders of our land endeavour to screen themselves from utter condemnation. Now, therefore, whatever gives approval or any countenance to this disparaging sentiment respecting them, is helping to perpetuate that tremendous iniquity, which is eating up the heart of the nation, rotting away the foundations of this Republic, and which, if it cannot be extirpated, must ere long cause our civil fabric to tumble down in ruins.

It is then no slight evil, no trifling wrong, that the people of this great State have been doing, under our present Constitution. Not only are several thousand worthy men denied all participation in the Government, under which they live; but by such a disparagement of them, we are giving the influence of our whole body and soul politic to the support of Slavery, by thus sanctioning an opinion, which is one of the main props of that accursed system.

How can we ever speak to our Southern confederates, with all the moral power of our vast community, in reprehension of their "peculiar institutions," so long as we are consigning to civil, religious, and social disabilities, that portion of our own citizens, who are nearest allied to those whom the Southerners dare to hold as chattels personal, and treat as domesticated brutes? If we of New-York would do what we should for the abolition of Slavery, we must do what we may to improve the condition, and elevate the character of our own coloured population. We must wipe out from our statute-book every vestige of their former enslavement; expel from our hearts every feeling of contempt; and open our hands in all cordial encouragement to them. Regarding them as a deeply-injured people, we should do all we may to make amends for the terrible wrongs, which in times past we have helped to inflict upon their persons and their feelings. We ought, in bare justice, to throw open to them all the avenues to individual and social improvement,—permit, encourage, and assist them to rise amongst us, as fast and as high as they may be able. If they are, indeed, *naturally* inferior, it will then of course so appear; for we cannot make of them, by any culture, what God has not designed them to be. But let them have a fair, at least an equal chance with us to rise to the dignity of freemen. For, O, how indescribable mean it is to chain them behind us, and then taunt them with their inability to keep up with us in the race;—to stand upon their necks, and call them inferior because they cannot measure inches with us!

Once more; let no one turn away from my appeal, saying the privations to which our coloured brethren are subjected is not so great, as to justify all that has been said and done to remove it—that they may enjoy the protection of the Government, as much as if they helped to enact it—that many white men, who hold the right of voting, never use it. Ha! would the man who may say this of others, consent himself to be deprived of the elective franchise? to be disrobed of his citizenship? to be set down as one of an inferior grade of beings? Where is he, who has so little of the spirit of true manhood in him? Let him stand up, and show himself. No. No. We should avert our eyes from him. He must be a craven soul, indeed, who would sell his prerogative as a freeman, for any price the whole community could pay. I have not, myself, exercised my right of voting, more than twice or three times for the last twenty years, but I could not have rested easy a day, if it had been denied me. I have no wish to belong to a privileged class; nor could I be content to live subjected to any civil or any religious disabilities. I wish to stand on the broad platform of a common brotherhood, on the summit level of humanity. On that platform every man should be allowed to stand, if he can. Nay, more, if he falter, he should be holden up. If he fall, he should be raised again. And never until he has degraded himself below the reach of recovery, should we abandon him, and give up the hope of his becoming a true man.

Citizens of New-York, it is no small matter you are called to do on Tuesday next. The vote you may then give, will not merely affect essentially the condition of thirty thousand of the people of this State; nor will it only weaken or strengthen the hands of wickedness that hold in abject bondage two millions five hundred thousand of the people of our country; but it will have an influence upon the course of freedom and humanity throughout the world. He who votes on Tuesday next for "Equal Suffrage to coloured men," will do a great good; and he who votes against it will do a great evil. The difference is immense!

Capt. Hoskins.

Rev. Dr. Cox preached on Thanksgiving day a sermon on the loss of the Great Britain. Capt. Hoskins, it seems, has been most unjustly blamed for the loss of this vessel. According to the Reverend Doctor it was entirely the work of Providence. There is not on the whole coast, he says, scarcely so good a spot to go ashore on, as that that was chosen, and that even this was so difficult to find that none but the hand of Providence could have steered her just there. What the object of Providence was, the Doctor does not pretend to say. We presume he contents himself with the text that "the ways of Providence are past finding out," inasmuch as to human eyes nothing could be gained by putting a steamer ashore where there was no loss except to the Insurance offices. Perhaps, however, his theology here might help him to a reason, for as Corporations have no souls to be punished in the next world, they must sometimes be chastised in the body. The Doctor also considers it a "wonderful demonstration of the providence of God" that she did not careen after the tide had left. "If the weight had exceeded even a little on either side she must have gone over," he says. It seems to us—with all reverence—that this is not giving credit enough to the stowage. When the passengers of the Great Western passed a vote of thanks to Almighty God, the Captain and Mates for their preservation, the Captain, in reply, said it was undoubtedly owing to Providence *and the strength of the ship*. Dr. Cox would have meted out justice more evenly, if he had said that the Great Britain did not careen owing to the "wonderful providence of God," and the skill of the Stevedore.

Christmas Holydays.

We would remind our readers of the approaching festive days of the Abolitionists—the Fair-time. It is the only season when they get together with none to "molest and make them afraid," or rather—as they are not easily frightened—the only time when they are not held as fair objects of abuse, and good game for anybody's hunting. They ought to make the most of this season of pleasure. The wisest of men—so called—has said there is a time for everything, and even for Abolitionists there should be a time for relaxation, and for being, like the rest of the world, in holyday clothes and smiles. The best soldiers fight the better for being occasionally off duty; and the old rhyme of he primer, of all work and no play is as true for the Abolitionists as for Jack. The Fair was a happy invention for them, if for no other reason, because it brings them face to face with each other, and with the world, and exhibits another side of their character than their every-day hard-working one, and shows the scoffers and scorners that they are a very pleasant, good-natured folk after all, only give them the chance. The social intercourse of these occasions does much to make stronger the ties between friends, and to soften the asperities of those who are pro-slavery everywhere else but here where Christmas presents are so pretty and plentiful, and Anti-Slavery is only to be seen on silken banners.

Yet we must not forget that Fair-time is anything but freedom from toil for many. Those on whom the burden falls pass these days in much tribulation which none but the initiated know. But their sufficient reward is that their toil, should have been productive of much satisfaction to others, and especially of much money for the cause. The magic figures that tell each night just before the lights are put out what the receipts for the day have been, send the weary managers home forgetful that they are tired, or else with a worse fatigue than that of limb and body. If everybody knew how a full hall, and a full money-box gladdens a few eyes that have longed for the sight, and laboured to swell that sum total, which they only count to give away, everybody would crowd to help by counting one in the multitude, and would add to the golden store which no selfish purpose heaps together.

In three States this year, as for some years past, Fairs are to be held, and there should be no Abolitionist in either of those States that will not do something for one or more of them. They are:

AT ROCHESTER, on Christmas week.

" PHILADELPHIA, on the 17th, 18th and 19th inst.

" BOSTON, Christmas week.

We refer to the advertisements of each in another column, and the thousands of our readers we trust will not be backward in giving heed to them, and thus serving the cause and pleasing themselves so easily.

CONGRESS.—The second session of the twenty-ninth Congress opened on Monday, at noon.

Committees on the part of both houses were appointed to acquaint the President with their organization. The President replied that he would communicate with Congress on Tuesday, at 12 o'clock. The message will not reach this city in season for us to give an abstract of it for this week's paper.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Herald has letters from California, dated August 27. They confirm former advices, that the whole territory is now in possession of the "booted loafers" of the United States.

CAPT. KINNEY.—We mentioned in last week's paper the report of the loss of the Zenobia, Capt. Kinney. We are happy to announce that she has returned in safety, though she had sprung a leak. Captain Kinney is well known and much esteemed among many of our readers in Essex county, Mass.

The Message—The War.

The President recommends that the war be vigorously pushed, as the best means to secure an early peace. He calls for the creation of a new loan of *nineteen millions*, till June, 1858. He also recommends that duties should be levied on all the articles now admitted free, and that the proceeds, as well as those of the public and mineral lands be applied to the expenses of the war, and that no appropriation be made for objects that can be postponed without public injury. This is reported as the main and important point of the message. A mere synopsis of it is received by Telegraph, in season for us before we go to press.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. X.

Deacon Briggs and the Volunteers—Delinquency of the Post-Office—Anecdote of Quondam M. C.—Deacon Briggs not expected to swear—What is expected of him—Spiritual inspection of Volunteers—Fighting and Praying should be one and indivisible—Recruiting in Boston—Captain Webster and his Company—Colonel Winchester—His conditions of service—Pork and Patriotism—John H. Pearson's latest transactions the Slave Line—Visits to New Bedford—Convention and formation of Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society—New Bedford Lecture Association, and the Lyceum—Death of Mr. Chapman, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, December 5, 1846

At length the aspirations of our Governor, Deacon Briggs, are satisfied. The kind consent of the President to receive the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers is arrived. The Post-office Department has much to answer for. It has delayed the glory and happiness of the Bay State for at least ten days. The communication from Secretary Marcy was sent to your Excellency instead of ours,—so that we were all in suspense for some days, fearing lest the news we heard through the newspapers might be too good to be true.

Governor Briggs might (were he not a deacon) apostrophize the post-office, as a Western member did some thirty or forty years ago. It was the custom of those times, and perhaps of these, for members of Congress from districts were there few or no newspapers to send printed letters to their constituents, telling them the political gossip of the day. The member for Boston, at that time, asked this gentleman how he managed to avoid offending these to whom he might forget to send a circular. "Why, Sir," said he, "I manage it thus. When I meet a man who looks rather black at me, when I first see him, I shake him most cordially by the hand, and say, 'My dear friend, I hope you got my letter?' 'No, Sir,' says he, drawing himself up with offended dignity, '*damn* that post-office!' says I. And, then, when I get back to Washington, I sit down and write him an autograph letter, which puts all to rights again!"

Now far be it from me to intimate that even a disappointment and provocation like this would draw such an expletive from the lips of the deacon of Pittsfield. It was enough, to be sure, to make a perfectionist swear, after he had attained to a sinless state; but the deacon is proof against all such assaults of the Evil One. He was contented, through his Adjutant General, (he did n't *proclaim* this time!) to convey the polite invitation of the War Department, to seven hundred and seventy of his constituents, to take Mexico in their way to the place to which our Western friend devoted the post-office. Now, as Governor Briggs is an evangelical deacon, and as he must know that the greatest part of the rank and file, (for I would say nothing in derogation of the piety of Captains Coy and Webster, and the other officers,) will be of a description of persons, whom he must believe will pass from battle to perdition, it seems to me that the least he could do, is, to appoint a Spiritual Inspector General, to inspect the spiritual state of the recruits, with orders to reject all such as he should find unprepared for death. Henry

deeply mortifying to one who has the honour of his native State at heart.

I heard a story yesterday of John H. Pearson, the "active and enterprising merchant," who generously sent back a piece of property to his New Orleans correspondent, which consigned itself to him,by mistake; thus vindicating the scrupulous honesty of Boston merchants. A slave went to him to ask for assistance towards purchasing his family. "Why," says Pearson, "this is not exactly my line of business; but, I'll tell you what I will do. There is Deacon M. on India Wharf. He professes to be a great friend to such sort of people as you. Go to him, and I will give you as much as he will!" Off the man posted to Deacon M. who forthwith put down his name for ten dollars. The slave hastened back to Pearson, and reported his success. "Humph," said the active and patriotic merchant, a little disconcerted, "but has he paid the money?" "No," said the man, "but it's just the same as if he had." "Not by any means," says Pearson, "I said I would give you what he would *give*; and when you have got it, it will be time enough to come to me." The slave hurried off to the Deacon and told his story, and the *ten-spot* was forthcoming at once. He then presented himself again to Pearson, with the identical *Almsy* in his hand, and demanded the performance of his promise. "Ahem!" he answered, somewhat taken aback. "Ahem! He gave you *that*, did he? Well, I can't afford to give you as much as that, but I'll give you *three!*"

I have been at New Bedford, twice, since I wrote last. First, to attend the Convention for forming anew the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society; and, secondly, to lecture before the Lecture Association. The Convention was an eminently successful one. It was full at all its sessions, and crowded at most of them. The most thorough Anti-Slavery doctrine was preached to them by Messrs. Pillsbury, Quincy, White, Moody, and others. I understand that a very wholesome excitement was created in the town, which cannot fail to have a beneficial effect.

The "Lecture Association" is a Lyceum established in consequence of the action of the New Bedford Lyceum, in regard to the exclusion of persons of colour from their lectures. You remember the circumstance of its action in this respect, last year; and the noble testimonies which it gave Ralph W. Emerson, Horace Mann, and Charles Sumner an opportunity to bear against the prejudice of colour, by refusing to lecture before it. This year, the Lyceum affirmed its former action, and the dissentients forthwith formed an association, the benefits of which should be open equally to all, however much their Maker might have been to blame in the matter of their physical conformation. The experiment has been most brilliantly successful. On the evening on which I lectured, though the attraction was certainly nothing extraordinary, the audience was as numerous a one as I ever addressed on a like occasion. I only regretted not to see more, (though there were many,) of the coloured people among the number.

Since I wrote last, a painful breach has been made in our Anti-Slavery circle, by the death of the venerable Henry Chapman, the father of the late Henry G. Chapman. He was a rare instance of an aged man keeping pace with the vanguard of his age. His prime of life had been spent in the cares and toils of an uncommonly extensive and various business, and his industry and talent had crowned them with success. But neither the cares of this world, nor the deceitfulness of riches, could choke the good seed in his heart, from springing up unto the harvest of a beneficent life. He was early and consistent in his testimony in the temperance cause. His ear was among the first that caught the distant wail of the slave, and his hand was one of the foremost that was stretched out to succour him. The fortitude with which he sustained bereavements of no common severity, was admirable. The calmness with which he went down to his own rest, was beautiful and full of consolation. His manners were marked by the gentleness and grace of the old school. They had, as William Penn says of those of George Fox, "a grace beyond the rules of breeding;" for they were the out-shadowings of a benevolent heart,—the reality, of which conventional good breeding is but the imitation. During a long life, they that knew him best had never seen his temper ruffled. Though encountering at least his share of the vicissitudes and calamities of life, he still lived and died in peace. He was one whom it was a privilege to know, and a blessing to remember. D. Y.

From our Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 6, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—Thursday, the 26th ultimo, was observed in this State, as in your own and several others, as a day of "Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for his blessings," &c. consequently, business was all suspended, and everything in the way of shops, closed up, Sunday-like; and agreeable to the request of Gov. Pratt, in his Proclamation, churches were thrown open for "the assembling of the people of every religious persuasion, to * * hear from their priests and ministers the great religious truth, *that the duty they owe* THEIR *country is one of the first duties they owe to God;*" and crowds thronged these opened sanctuaries, and among them, several military companies, with their war harness all on. I stepped in at the "Second Street Church," where two of these companies *worshipped*. They occupied the body of the church, immediately before the pulpit, where sat "the man of God," solemn and thoughtful in his looks. Before him, glistened the trappings of one hundred soldiers, ready for blood and carnage. Strange contrast, thought I! But I hoped so good an opportunity would be improved by this "ambassador of God," to bear noble testimony against the unholy business of war, but this subject he passed with barely an allusion, capable of construction to suit all cases. The Rev. John N. McJilton, of this city, more anxious to teach this people "the duty they owe their country," preached a regular war sermon, which has been published in one of the daily papers, because, says the editor, "its sentiments are *highly patriotic and Christian.*" His text was the 147th Psalm, 12, 13 verses, "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem! Praise thy God, O Zion! For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; He hath blessed thy children within thee." But in view of our being so highly favoured, like Israel of old; he thought it might read thus: "Praise the Lord, O America! Praise thy God, O Columbia!" &c. After giving us the heads of the various divisions and subdivisions of the discourse, he goes on to say that, "In times of ignorance and barbarism, the yoke of servitude was neither felt nor complained of. But in the advance of knowledge men became restive under its pressure and sought releasc from the thraldom of civil servitude." Forgetful of the thousands of slaves in our city, and millions in our land, he says, further: "It has been left for America, the first-born of the free, to throw off the yoke *altogether*, and to declare herself a nation of *free and independent* people. The rule of the King, and the servitude of even the form of monarchy, has she rejected, and she stands forth in the pride of her character, the original of free Governments. None of her kind have preceded her, and she appears before the world the *model of freedom, for other nations to imitate.*" * * * "But her release was effected at the price of blood. The stain is on many a memorable field, and many a hero's spirit has told in heaven the triumph of the cause for which his life was given." * * * "Upon the soil of America, were the battles of *freedom* fought, and its soil is sanctified to *liberty* by the blood of the martyr-band, whose triumph shall doubtless be the pioneer of freedom to the world." * * * "In this land alone, of all the lands of the earth, *is man truly free.*"

The Rev. Divine in speaking of our Federal Compact, says it is so strongly bound together that it does not need a large standing army for defence. But, "In time of need each citizen becomes a soldier, and at the call of his country he is ready to go forth to battle in her name." And as a proof of this he cites the recent call of the President for volunteers to the war in Mexico, and then adds: "With such a Government, composed of men of such spirit, well may it be said that the bars of American gates are strengthened. Well may it be said that the Lord has given us the means of defence. And so strengthened, and so blessed with power by His hand, shall we not confess this authority over us? shall we not acknowledge His goodness? And shall we not render Him thanksgiving and praise for the distinguished favours He has bestowed upon us?" In reference to the present war with Mexico, he says: "The lion hearts that moved the fathers to such valorous deeds, still beat in the bosoms of their sons. The nerves of iron that made the sires so terrible in fight, the arms of the sons still strengthen for the conflict. The trump of war has been sounded, and its thunders are yet echoing over the distant hills of the western world. The enemy has arrayed himself and stood forth for the conflict. The sons of the republic have flown to arms. They have gathered around their eagle standard, and their starry flag they have held aloft. They have borne their flag into the country of the foe, and beneath it they are fighting the battles of the States. Much as they regret the causes that have impelled them to the deed, and little as they desire to imbrue their hands in blood, they have assembled at the nation's call, and hastened onward at the word of command. They have gone in obedience to the mandate of their country, to do battle in her name, and die on a foreign soil, rather than insult shall be aimed at her authority, or dishonour touch her spotless flag."

I might make many more rich quotations from this sermon, but find I have already made such lengthy extracts that I have neither room nor time to make comments, if they need any. But I cannot refrain from making one more. Of the Baltimore volunteers he says: "But few of them were permitted to leave home without copies of the word of God, and books of devotional character;" and adds: "that it is pleasant to think, that amid the havoc that war has made among our young countrymen in Mexico, there were mingled the comforts and graces of religion—we have hope for the slain, that they were accepted of God." This is the spirit of Christianity (?) which we have in such abundance in the South. But the clergy are not alone in their praises of the war spirit.—The Nashville (Tenn.) Union of the 12th ult. announces that at a missionary meeting held in that city, funds were raised for making Gen. Taylor, Col. Campbell, Col. Anderson, Capt. Cheatham, and Capt. Foster, life members of the Conference Missionary Society. The church also added on that night to its list of missionary members, the names of Adjutant Heiman, Capt. Blackmore, and the "gallant Walker." I'll make no comments. The kidnapping case, which I see mentioned by some correspondent here, is still as it was, the claimant has not returned to prove property. The woman will probably be brought out on a writ of habeas corpus, this week, and no doubt discharged; otherwise she will remain in jail sixty days, and then be sold to pay jail fees. Hope H. Slatter, the far-famed negro dealer, has recently purchased a fine residence, in a good neighbourhood, on Eutaw street, which he intends occupying himself, that he may "get into better society." But enough. Yours, N.

To Contributors.

E. S. & J. D. & W. P. of Merrimack, have not received their papers because we were ordered to send them to Amherst. They will receive them in future.

J. M. B. of N. B. is informed that his name was never sent to us as a subscriber. We were asked to send him two or three papers, which we did.

J. C. H. They will be sent if it is a possible thing to get them out by the day he mentions.

S. P. If she will examine *that* paper again, she will find something of more interest than the Iconoclast. Have we done our duty?

W. P. A. May we not expect more favours of a similar kind? They are very acceptable. We do not know the gentleman he alludes to, but can easily seek him, if it is wished, and ask him the question.

A. O. G. Will he send us word which number of the F.'s C. he received last.

E. Q. Smallest favours gratefully received.

T. D. of N. R. We are happy to receive his letter. If he has the paper he refers to, can he send it? We have not seen the account, and would be glad to bring forward such testimony.

Married,

On the 15th ultimo, at Friends' meeting, Pennsbury, JOHN M. SHARPLESS, of Delaware county, to ELIZA H. JENKINSON, of Kennett Square, Pa.

Died,

At Lansingburgh, Rensselaer county, on Thursday morning, 3d instant, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. ALICIA BLATCHFORD, widow of the late Samuel Blatchford, D. D.

At La Amistad, Guines, Island of Cuba, MOSES STOWELL, formerly of Massachusetts, aged 29.

In Malden, on Thursday last, Hon. GEORGE ODIORNE, of Boston, aged 82.

On the 7th instant, HENRY C. WRIGHT, infant son of Hiram and Sarah Rigg, of Center township, aged two years and six months.

In Newbury, on the 1st Instant, of dropsy, NOAH JACKMAN, aged 72.

In this city, on Thursday morning, December 3d, JOSEPH W. DUVALL, M. D. aged 42 years.

In Worcester, Massachusetts, November 20th, Mr. CHARLES EARLE, 31; 26th, at the Hospital, Mr. CALEB HARTSHORN, of Boston, 61.

In Bellows Falls, Vermont, November 23d, Miss ANNA STORER KEATING, of Boston, aged 28.

In Schwartz, Tyrol, Europe, September 22d, ELLENA RAYNER, wife of John W. Mills, of New-York, aged 21. This lady was one of the original Rayner family.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Fifteen days Later from Europe.

The Caledonia arrived at Boston on Saturday, bringing dates to the 19th ultimo. We give below such items of news as are of the most interest:

Cotton was steady, though in the early part of the month, the current qualities of American had receded fron one-eigth to one-quarter pence.

American flour has receded 6d per. barrel. Wheat was also less buoyant; and Indian corn, which is in demand for the Irish market, has receded 3s. per quarter.

The Great Britain (the great unmoved), is still ashore; but plans are offered for protecting her through the winter, and getting her off in the spring.

IRELAND.

The accounts from Ireland are of a more favourable character. Employment has become general, and the price of food is very decidedly lower.

FRANCE.

The marriage of the Duke of Bordeaux to the Princess Modena has excited some attention, and has calculated to keep alive the hopes of the legitimatists in France. The bride brings her husband a handsome fortune, which, in the present state of his finances, will be found, no doubt, most acceptable. The marriage cannot, of course, fail to annoy Louis Phillippe, not so much on account of any immediate danger from the elder branch of the Bourbons, as from the better position in which it will place the Pretender hereafter, to take advantage of whatever the chapter of accidents may turn up.

Ronge lately presented a petition to the King of Prussia for permission to preach; but he was ordered to leave Berlin for Breslau immediately, and two gendarmes were sent to conduct him to the railway station.

It has been proposed to call the new planet, Arago.

GERMANY.

Some time ago, a society was formed in this country, under the patronage of the Duke of Nassau, for sending a vast number of Germans to Texas for the colonization of lands, and to induce, if possible, all Germans proceeding to America, to unite in one district, so as to establish the base of a separate German nationality on the American continent. The society, it appears, has not had the success that was hoped for, and on hearing this, the Duke of Nassau immediately advanced two hundred thousand florins to it, besides taking measures to promote its prosperity.

This noble conduct of his royal highness is deservedly held up as an example to all the princes of Germany, many of whom induce their people to emigrate, and then abandon them to their fate.

On the 1st ultimo, there were in Bremen not fewer than eight hundred emigrants waiting to proceed to the United States. Among them were upward of one hundred Poles, the rest being Germans. It has been observed of late, that Poles are quitting their country in great numbers.

PORTUGAL.

A revolution is in progress, and it is questionable whether the crown or the insurgents are the victors.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—A correspondent of the London Morning Herald, writing at Constantinople on the 20th of October, reports the receipt of a strange sort of dispatch from Lord Palmerston.

"Lord Palmerston has sent a note to the Porte, in which he demands the abolition of Slavery in the Ottoman Empire. You will remember that when Lord Ponsonby was ambassador at Constantinople, a similar measure was proposed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs; but his lordship's dispatch, in answer, induced Lord Palmerston to abandon the project. In the present note, the question is ably argued, but with more of sophistry than sound reasoning, and with a sturdy disregard of the feelings of those to whom it is addressed, which we must certainly pronounce to be imprudent. It is argued that there is nothing in the Mahomedan law that objects to such a proceeding; in proof of which, his lordship cites treaties which have been made between the British Government and the Mussulman chiefs of Arab tribes, for the suppression of Slavery.

"It is impossible to describe the sensation which Lord Palmerston's note produced, not only at the Porte, but also, we are assured, in a high quarter. It is a proceeding which strikes at one of the vital principles of the social system of the Turks."

From the New Orleans Delta, November 27th.

Latest from Mexico.

Departure of Troops from the Rio Grande for Tampico—Possession taken of Monclova by a detachment of Gen. Kearney's command—News from Monterey, &c. &c.

The steamship McKim, Capt. Peck, which left Brazos St. Jago on the 23d instant, arrived here last evening.

Majors McLane and Graham, bearers of dispatches from Gen. Taylor to Washington, and Capt. G. T. M. Davis, bearer of dispatches from Gen. Wool to Washington, were on board, as were also several officers and citizens, of whom a list is given elsewhere, and one hundred and fifty disabled and discharged volunteers. We had the pleasure of an interview with Capt. Davis, and from the information which he politely communicated to us, we make up the following general summary of news.

On the 26th ultimo, when Gen Wool and his command, numbering two thousand six hundred men, were within about 100 miles of Monclova, the General received from Gen. Lopez, the Governor of Coahuila, a formal protest against his farther invasion of Mexican territory, informing him of the armistice that was entered into between Gen. Taylor and Ampudia, at Monterey, and alleging that he should consider any farther advance on his (Gen. Wool's) part, an infraction of the same.

Gen. Wool sent word to Gen. Lopez, in reply, that he was aware of the existence of the armistice alluded to; that his Government, whose orders he was obeying, construed its terms differently from the interpretation which his Excellency, Gen. Lopez had given it; that he was determined to continue his march, and would do so with the least possible delay. He did so, and on the 30th halted four miles north of the city of Monclova. To this place General Lopez came quickly out, attended by an escort He politely welcomed Gen. Wool to Coahuila, and offered him a peaceable surrender of the city of Monclova explaining at the same time, that the protest which he had forwarded to him, was drawn up and despatched in the discharge of what he believed to be his duty to his own Government; but that, so far as he and the civil authorities of the city were concerned—and there was no military force in the place—they would receive the General and his command as friends, and in return, they looked for the treatment of friends from them.

On the 15th instant, Gen. Taylor and his staff, with Gen. Worth in command of a brigade, left Monterey on a tour of reconnoissance of the country. They at the same time, took and garrisoned Saltillo, and were about to return to camp.

The reports from the Mexican camp are, that Santa Anna is collecting the whole forces of the nation, or so much of it as will rally under his banners, at San Luis Potosi, which place he is entrenching and fortifying with all possible diligence and precaution. It is estimated that there are already 16,000 men there, and that he means to increase this force to 30,000, and with them to await an attack from Gsn. Taylor, and make a desperate—a final effort to defeat our forces.

He will, however, have to await some time, it is believed, before Gen. Taylor "calls him out." For it is now believed, indeed, it is known, that henceforth the base of operations of our army is to be—not from Monterey—not from Camargo—not from Matamoras or Linares—*but from the highest navigable point of the river above Tampico*, and there our men and munitions are henceforth to converge—but, *nous verrons*.

We should have stated that a report reached Monclova, before Capt. Davis had reached there, that Chihuahua had been taken by a detachment of troops from Gen. Kearney's division.

Reward of Merit.—A subscription has been started in order to raise a sum of money to present to Mr. Goold, the conductor of Adams & Co's Express, as a testimonial of approbation of the gallant conduct by which he saved the lives of several of the passengers who were wrecked in the Atlantic, under circumstances of great danger to himself.—*Boston Courier.*

The Wisconsin Convention have rejected a motion to abolish capital punishment by a vote of 31 to 51.

A Kidnapper Sentenced.—Finnegan, who was convicted at Gettysburg Pennsylvania, of kidnapping a family of free coloured bersons from Adams county, was sentenced last week to solitary confinement and hard labour in the Eastern Penitentiary for five years.—*Mail.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from November 23d, to December 7th.

John Holmes, Port Henry, N Y		$1 00
Silas Arnold, Keeseville,	"	1 00
Timothy Howland, West Walworth,	N Y	1 00
Benjamin Downing,	"	50
Mary Taber, Macedon Centre,	"	1 00
Stephen Wood,	"	50
J. M. Herendeen, Macedon,	"	1 00
Clarkson Aldrich, West Farmington,	"	1 00
E. G. Skinner,	"	50
O. Kingsbury, Victor,	"	50
Henry Howland, West Walworth,	"	4 00
Levi Johnson, Geneva,	"	1 00
Edward Buckman, Storeham Mass		1 00
James Bancroft,	"	1 00
Abagail Greene,	"	1 00
Bourne Spooner, Plymouth, Mass		1 00
Charles Thompson, Poughkeepsie,	N Y	1 00
James M. Broney, N Bloomfield,	O	25
Dr. John McCall, Utica,	N Y	1 00
Samuel K. Avery, Verona,	"	1 00
John Wolf,	"	1 00
Samuel Ferguson, Oneida Castle,	N Y	1 00
Ira S. Hitchcock,	"	1 00
H. Rice, Syracuse,	"	1 00
J. S. Stewart, Syracuse,	"	1 00
G. C. Cooper, Sterling Centre,	"	1 00
C. N. Harding, Clyde,	"	1 00
H. C. Hibbard, Fulton,	N Y	1 00
J. W. Arnold,	"	1 00
Latham & Delong,	"	1 00
J. W. Tucker,	"	1 00
T. Salmon,	"	1 00
N. J. Taft,	"	1 00
Almond Tucker,	"	1 00
S. E. Hewes,	"	50
William Dickson,	"	50
F. Williamson,	"	1 00
J. S. Valentine, Wilmington,	Del.	1 00
John R. Hodges, East Winfield,	N Y	1 00
Erastus Guild, West Winfield,	"	1 00
Sarah M. White, Blackstone,	Mass	1 00
Mary E. Hides, Balston Spa,	N Y	1 00
John C. Merritt, Farmingdale,	"	1 00
F. Newhall, Boston,	Mass	1 00
Horace Pennel, South Bristor,	N Y	1 00
A. & M. Raymond, Cohocton,	"	1 00
Augustus Whitman, Patchenville,	N Y	1 00
John Hamlin,	"	1 00
Samuel Newman,	"	1 00
E. S. Palmer, N Danville,	"	1 00
W. D. Hayward,	" "	1 00
Willis Starks,	" "	1 00
C. B. Cook,	" "	1 00
Johnson Carey, Arkport,	"	1 00
David Irish, Quaker Hill,	N Y	1 00
R. Fowler, Cato Four Corners,	N Y	1 00
Dr. J. T. Hough,	"	1 00
F. Mowl,	"	1 00
C. Olmstead,	"	1 00
Henry Craw,	"	1 00
Martin J. Van Buren,	"	1 00
Nehemiah Hoyt,	"	1 00
Abner Hollister,	"	1 00
George W. Robinson, Baldwinsville,	N Y	1 00
E. L. Hatch,	"	1 00
Philo Brewer, Euclid,	N Y	1 00
C. C. Warner,	"	50
Dr. J. F. Johnson,	"	1 00
Amasa B. Churchill, Plymouth,	Mass	1 00
Jeremiah Nokes, Warren,	"	1 00
Addison Fuller, West Sumner,	Me	1 00
		69.75

DONATIONS.

Francis Jackson, in full, for pledge,	400 00
	400 00
Total Amount,	$469.75

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

FAIR

IN THE ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS.

The Eleventh Annual Fair of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be opened on the evening of Thursday, the 17th instant, and continued through the two following days and evenings, in the LARGE SALOON OF THE ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS, corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets.

A larger and more elegant assortment of articles than have heretofore been displayed at our annual Fair will be offered for sale, and we can assure our friends and the public, that the beauty of the collection will amply repay them for a visit to the Saloon. An excellent opportunity will be afforded to select

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS,

not only by the elegance and variety of the goods offered, but by the *moderate prices of the articles*, giving to the purchaser the full value of the money paid. Among the collection will be found a large assortment of

BEAUTIFUL FANCY ARTICLES, FROM PARIS,

imported expressly for the Fair. Porcelain ware, silk manufactures, children's clothing of various descriptions, sofa quilts, splendid sofa cushions, highly ornamented conversation chairs, Tidies in various patterns, a great variety of knitted and embroidered Berlin wool and cotton work. Valuable contributions from England are expected.

Pot plants, toys, pictures, and books; among the latter will be the LIBERTY BELL, for 1847—the well-known Boston Annual. Also, an attractive book for children, the poetical

ANTI-SLAVERY ALPHABET,

published by the Committee of the Fair.

Much effort has been expended to make the Fair highly attractive, and we invite the public to become purchasers, confident that all tastes may there find gratification. At this festival season, we trust that the slave will be remembered by those who share a brighter lot; and we make no unreasonable request, when we ask, in the name of those outcast and suffering ones, that their more highly-favoured brethren should consent to receive the usual gratification and luxuries of the season through a channel which also conveys blessings to the *poorest of the poor*, the *crushed and smitten slave*.

SARAH PUGH,	EMMA PARKER,
THERESA HALLOWELL,	GERTUDE K. BURLEIGH,
SARAH L. CHILD,	HANNAH L. STICKNEY,
ANNA M. HOPPER,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET GRISCOM,	EMILY WINSLOW,
SARAH A. McKIM,	MARIA DAVIS,
AMY MATILDA CASSEY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
PAULINA WRIGHT,	SARAH L. PURVIS,
JANETTE JACKSON,	MARGARET JONES,
MARTHA CARMAN,	MARY GREW,
E. CARMAN,	MARGRETTA FORTEN,
CLEMENTINE GREEN,	MARY SHAW,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	HESTER RECKLESS,
ELIZA J. BIAS.	ESTHER HOGELAND,

Committee of Arrangements.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

TO BE HELD

IN FANEUIL HALL,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

The eighth number of this excellent Annual, which has been perhaps *the* most gainful operation in connection with the Fair is to be published on the first morning. It is in contemplation to publish a larger edition than usual, if the funds permit; but as yet, only half the sum has been subscribed, owing to an unavoidable delay in commencing this year's operations. But as the publication has so good a claim on all who wish to swell the receipts of the Fair, as well as on all who have seen how effectual a medium of union it is between different parts of the world in the same great cause, and how valuable an auxiliary in promoting that cause in quarters where greater instrumentalities are of less avail, it is not doubted that the statement of the immediate need of funds, will ensure a pecuniary response.

TO FRIENDS HAVING IT IN THEIR POWER TO MAKE DONATIONS OF AMERICAN BLEACHED COTTONS.

Twenty pieces of this material are needed for the preparations, decorations, &c.; which, after having served this purpose, will either be wrought up and sold at the charity-table of next year's Bazaar, or disposed of at the end of this, as shall be found advisable. Those friends who have a desire at once to aid the cause, and to see what a well executed plan can effect in beautifying Faneuil Hall, are entreated to unite in supplying this want of the occasion.

CHARITY TABLE.

Ladies in the habit of supplying the destitute with plain clothing at the season of Christmas and New Year, are informed that it is intended to have a table at which they may furnish themselves with garments suited to their purpose.

MINISTERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS INTERESTED IN THE CAUSE,

Are earnestly entreated to help this work of Christianity, by promoting the formation of social circles in their respective parishes, to prepare in each, a table for the Bazaar; as it is the experience of ministers who have hitherto done so, that the way has thus been opened for a successful Anti-Slavery work, through the more powerful instrumentalities of the pulpit and the lecture-room.

ARTISTS, MERCHANTS MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS.

Have it in their power to do much for the cause, by contributions of materials to be worked up, or specimens of their skill, industry, and genius.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS

May this year be expected of a very much greater beauty than have ever before been exhibited. The interest of our English contributors has been greatly stimulated, and their number increased, by the formation of the ANTI SLAVERY LEAGUE, which is auxiliary to the American A. S. Society. Exquisite Drawings, Paintings, Works of Art of various kinds, Autographs, Curiosities, Articles of ladies' and children's Dress, and, in fine, specimens of the rare and beautiful in every species of manufacture, particularly those of London and Paris, invite the attention of the city and surrounding country.—☞Persons who do not visit the Bazaar on the opening day, early, (*doors open at ten o'clock, A. M.*,) will probably lose the opportunity of inspecting the most beautiful objects, as all such are early sought for, and it is our rule not to retain articles on the tables for exhibition, after they have been purchased.

☞Elegant writing materials will be for sale at the book table, on the right of the platform, where the drawings will also be found.

☞No articles are received on commission, and therefore those desirous of aiding the cause, as well as of benefiting themselves by seizing an unequalled opportunity for selecting elegant articles, need not hesitate to make large purchases.

WORKING PARTIES

In aid of the Fair were set on foot last year in many places, at the suggestion of the "Bazaar Gazette." It is hoped that suggestion will be still more generally received. Let them also be reading-parties;—tea-parties;—conversation parties;—occasions of festivity, and means of social employment. Their number may thus be multiplied and their benefits increased.

THE EVENINGS OF THE FAIR.

Some of these will be made interesting by the speeches of eloquent advocates of the cause, among whom it is hoped will be Garrison, H. C. Wright, and many of the more recent advocates, who comprehend the mighty additional influence that the fact of speaking from the Anti-Slavery platform gives their words. Bands or choirs volunteering their aid, will most essentially serve the cause; and we beg all disposed to do so, to communicate with us.

REFRESHMENT TABLE.

This has always been one of the most profitable departments of the Fair, and we earnestly commend it to the liberality of the well-wishers of the cause, both in the city and the country. *Every kind* of produce and refreshment, (except wine, &c.) will be acceptable.

GREENERY.

N. B. We have no adequate place of storage in Boston, and therefore beg the friends to retain their contributions of greenery till Friday, the 18th, and to send them WITHOUT FAIL on that day; as a longer delay would occasion an irreparable loss of time.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

At Rochester, on Christmas Week, 1846.

"Blessed ones! whom none on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth;
Ye whose hearts are sheltered well
By affection's holy spell,
Oh, forget not those, for whom
Life is naught but changeless gloom,
O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
Hope may paint no brighter morrow."

The time has passed by, to undertake to set forth the propriety and usefulness of Anti-Slavery Fairs, as an instrumentality in forwarding the cause in which we are engaged. Their efficacy and efficiency have been fully tried, and amply demonstrated. The benefits reflected upon those engaged in them, have been found to be, not among the least useful results. The sewing circle, the social meeting, the free exchange of thought, the awakening of interest, all tend to good.

It is found that we can only get good by doing good—that we can only *truly* receive by giving, and that "to withhold more than is meet tendeth to poverty." We therefore, in behalf of the slave, make an appeal for aid to those who love Freedom, and hate Slavery,—who hold to Liberty and despise oppression,—with a confident assurance, that to those who appreciate the spirit and genius of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the appeal will not be in vain.

OBJECTS OF THE FAIR.

The products of the Fair will be expended under the direction of the Board of Managers, in defraying the expenses of the Anti-Slavery agents, and in sustaining the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Any persons making contributions or donations, can have the amount expended in either specific manner which they may direct.

A commodious Hall will be procured, and the Fair opened on Christmas Eve, and continued until New Year's day. Addresses will be delivered through the week by the most eloquent friends of Freedom, who can be obtained. An Anti-Slavery Choir will be in attendance, to sing, in behalf of Liberty, songs appropriate to the cause and occasion.

In the name, then, of outraged humanity, imbruted and trampled upon,—in the name of prostrate manhood, scourged and bleeding,—in the name of God-like intellect, bedimmed and clouded,—in the name of anguished mothers, weeping and wailing,—in the name of little children, bound and fettered, sold and bartered, we ask every one to do something. The farmer can surely find something among his various productions to offer upon the altar, if his heart is in the work. All the productions of the dairy, poultry, and all the varieties of fruit, grapes and vegetables, will be needed. We ask the miller for his flour, the baker for aid in baking cake and crackers, and the mechanics for the products of their skill, in the shape of such neat, tasteful, and useful articles as their various handicrafts can furnish. The merchant for staple and fancy stuffs, such as we can work up into useful and attractive articles, for keepsakes, and friendly offerings, and while we are labouring, we remember that every stitch we take is a stitch in the shroud of Slavery, and that will make the labour light.

Don't let those who have nothing but money to give feel slighted, for that will not be refused, but will be more than doubled by the willing hand of industry.

Now, friends, we ask each and every one of you, by the regard you have for the happiness of your own hearthstones, by the religion which you profess, and the attributes of Him whom you worship, to become fellow-labourers with us in this holy cause.

Sarah R. Doty, Farmington.
Phebe Hathaway, "
Margaret Pryor, Waterloo.
Mary Ann McClintock,
Sarah E. Thayer, Poplar Ridge, Venis.
Sarah Jacobs, " "
Eliza M. Cooper, Williamson.
Sarah D. Fish, Sodus.
Sylvia Mead, Lockport.
Laura Murry, Darien.
Amy Post, Rochester.
Sarah A. Burtis, "
Abigail Bush, "
Elizabeth G. Curtis, "

PUBLIC MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.

James N. Buffum, Cyrus M. Burleigh, and probably C. C. Burleigh and Edmund Quincy, will attend and speak at a meeting to be held on Tuesday evening the 15th instant, at 7 o'clock in Franklin Hall, Sixth street below Arch. Let pains be taken to give general notice of this meeting that we may have a full attendance.

PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

A stated meeting of this society will be held next 5th day evening, the 10th instant, at 7 o'clock, in Clarkson Hall. S. A. McKIM, Secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA CONVENTION.

A Convention of the members and friends of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will commence its sessions, on Thursday the 17th instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M. in the new and spacious room known as "Franklin Hall," in Sixth street, below Arch, Philadelphia. Important subjects will claim the attention of the convention, and able speakers will be there to discuss them.

James N. Buffum, of Lynn, Edmund Quincy, of Dedham, and William H. Channing, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, have been invited to attend, and it is hoped they will all be present.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS AND CONVENTIONS IN ONONDAGA & CORTLAND COUNTIES.

E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts, will hold Anti-slavery meetings in the following towns and villages in Onondaga county, as follows:

Geddeo, Sunday, Dec. 6th, 10 a m. and 2 & 6 p m
Salina, 7th & 8th, Monday, 2 & 6 p m. Tuesday, 10 a m, 2 & 6 p m
Onondaga Hollow, 9th Wednesday, 1 & 6 p m
Manlius Centre, Thursday, 10th, 1 & 6 p m
Fayetteville, Friday, 11th, 1 & 6 p m
Jamesville, 12th & 13th, Saturday, 1 & 6 p m. Sunday, 2 & 6 p m
Pompey Hill, 14th & 15th Monday, 1 & 6 p m Tuesday, 10 a m, and 2 & 6 p m
Lafayette, Wednesday, 16th. 1 & 6 p m
Cardiff, Thursday, 17th, 1 & 6 p m
Otisco Centre, 18th & 19th, Friday, 1 & 6 p m, Saturday, 10 a m, and 2 & 6 p m
Amber, Sunday, 20th, 10 a m, and 2 & 6 p m
Borodino, Monday, 21st & 22d, 1& 6 p m, Tuesday, 10 a m, & 2 & 6 p m
Spafford (Roundy's Corners) Wednesday, 23d, 1& 6 p m

Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, and James C. Fuller, of Skaneateles, and other distinguished speakers, will join Dr. Hudson at the meeting at Salina, and accompany and aid him in fulfilling most of his other appointments through Onandaga county.

The friends of the slave are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meeting in their respective towns and villages, which these advocates of the slave will visit, and extend notices as extensively as possible.

J. C. HATHAWAY, *Gen. Agt. Am. A. S. Soc'y*

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

WILLIAM W. BROWN, *an* AMERICAN SLAVE, whose whole hours have been so successful in Western New-York, will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at the following places

OSWEGO COUNTY—AWAKE!!!

Pulaski, Monday, Nov. 30, & Tuesday, December 1,
Platisville, Wednesday, December 2,
Mexico, Thursday, " 3,
New Haven, Friday, " 4,
Oswego, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Dec. 5, 6, & 7

The meetings will commence at 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

Monroe County, Awake!

Fgypt, Monday,	December	14th,
Fairport, Tuesday,	"	15th,
Penfield, Wednesday,	"	16th,
" Thursday,	"	17th,
Pittsford, Friday,	"	18th,
Brighton, Saturday,	"	19th,

The meetings in Monroe County will commence at 6 o'clock, p. m. The friends in the different places will please see that notice is given, and that a place is provided to hold the meeting in.

J. C. HATHAWAY, Gen. Agt.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society will be held at ROCHESTER, commencing on Monday, December 28th, at two o'clock, P. M. At this meeting the principles and measures of the Society will be fully discussed, and, as usual, an opportunity given to those who may differ from us, to express that difference in the fullest and freest manner.

It is important that the friends of the slave should come up in large numbers. The TIMES demand uncompromising, decisive, and energetic action. Within the short space of forty years, the slave population of our country, (notwithstanding the large numbers whose lives have been cut short by this murderous system,) has increased from about one million to more than three millions, and the SLAVE-POWER has increased in a still more fearful ratio. The AMERICAN UNION is but a name, the UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION, but a form—the one has lost its vitality, the other its *power*, for good. The only *union* which is left for freedom or *freemen*, is a union with the halter—the stake—the branding-iron, and the dungeon; and the Constitution has become a pliant instrument in the hands of oppressors to facilitate their nefarious purposes, and accomplish their diabolical designs. Whoever offers a libation upon the altar of the one, or yields his allegiance to the other, does homage to tyranny and gives strength to despotism.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND, of Massachusetts, WILLIAM W. BROWN, of Farmington, E. D. HUDS

Poetry.

From Headley's ancient English Poetry. [1787.]

FROM AN ELEGY ON HIS WIFE.

BY BISHOP HENRY KING.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb:
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale;
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed;
Each minute is a short degree,
And every houre a step towards thee;
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise neerer my west
Of life, almost by eight houres saile
Than when sleep breathed his drowsie gale.

Thus from the Sun my bottom steares,
And my dayes compass downward bears,
Nor labour I to stemme the tide
Through which to thee I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the vanne first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But herk! my pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come,
And slow howe'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.
The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort, dear, (forgive
The crime.) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart
Till we shall meet and never part.

From the British Friend.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The Quaker of the olden time!
How calm, and firm, and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through!

The lust of power, the love of gain!
The thousand lures of sin
Around him had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all.

He walks by faith and not by sight,
By faith and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right,
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.

And, pausing not, for doubtful choice
Of evils great and small,
He listened to the inward voice
Which calls away from all.

Oh! spirit of that early day,
So pure, and strong, and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.

Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverence to make
Our daily lives a prayer. ANON.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mugge.)

CHAPTER VII.

As the company, to which the preceding chapter introduced the reader, disappeared among the trees, a dark form stepped forth from among the bushes and then laid itself under the branches of the wild fig-tree. It was enveloped in a mantle, and its head was partly covered by a long palm-leaf hat.

Suddenly a second figure appeared, stealing softly up the steep. With the swiftness and caution of a snake, it wound along over the ground, now creeping, and now bowing under the thick and prickly branches of the under shrubs, and at last throwing itself with a cry of exultation, down at the foot of the tree, as the low voice of the person first mentioned, uttered a strange name. The dim star-light faintly shone upon this new strange group.

At the feet of the veiled figure, lay a black, of athletic proportions, who, whimpering and sobbing, kissed the very dust, and laid his head on the ground. Then, again, he would gather himself up, and suddenly squat down and strike his hands together, a movement which he accompanied with a singing gutteral sound, and then fall again into an extravagant expression of delight. The other remained still and silent, accepting these demonstrations of devotion with the air of a born prince. After a while, just as the negro was becoming wearied and was seeking in a half-kneeling posture, and with gleaming eyes to penetrate the darkness, and descry the lineaments of the divinity that he was worshipping, the veiled figure threw aside his mantle and laid his hand upon the woolly head before him.

"Mars Plaisir," said he, "my friend and brother, we have not met for a long time."

"A long time," echoed the slave, with an expression of deep sorrow.

The poor Plaisir feared that his friend had forgotten him.

"The son of Gain Ginu," said the other, impressively, "never forgets his friend of the tribe of Arradas." These few words appeared to thrill the very soul of the poor negro. He threw himself down, and again embraced the feet of Toussaint. "Master! master!" cried he, "command thy poor slave. His soul is thy property. Oh, oh! Mars Plaisir is only the dust of thy feet. His boy came to him and said: 'Father, among the trees in the forest, there stands a black man, his eye is as fire, and his voice is like thunder. Tell Mars Plaisir, said he, that a man waits on the hill, near the sea, that Mars Plaisir must be silent, and come to him when the sun has disappeared in the West.' Then the poor Plaisir knew that his lord was here, and his delight was without bounds." Toussaint here threw off his mantle, and the negro gazed at his dress, glistening with gold lace, with open eyes. Toussaint was well armed. He wore a belt with pistols, and a short, richly wrought hunting knife, glittered at his side. But the rude wonder of the negro increased, when the son of Gain Ginu, the slave of the plantation Breda, drew out a watch set with brilliants, and endeavoured, by the star-light, to ascertain the hour. At this moment the majesty of this great personage, of whose divinity he seemed to have no doubt, seemed almost to overwhelm him.

"You know, Mars Plaisir," said Toussaint, "how I loved you, and how I mourned for you, when years ago, they tore you from my side at Breda, dragged you from market to market, and at last sold you in the South."

A groan burst from the negro, and he covered his eyes with his hands.

Toussaint seated himself on the ground, and invited his friend to be seated beside him, while in a gentle voice and in the deep, gutteral tones of the Arrada tongue, he sought to administer consolation. He then proceeded to make a few pointed inquiries, and in a few moments he was fully informed as to the state of things among the blacks of the South, the place of their gathering in the mornes of Laholte, their leaders, their plans of revenge, and the doings of the white and mulatto planters. He then inquired, minutely, about Rigaud, and listened with eager attention to the communications of the slave. But the latter could hardly speak of Rigaud, without signs of the utmost terror. He would pause every now and then and listen, and then continue to speak in the lowest whisper. "Great man, this massa is," said he, "his eye sees into the very souls of men, and no one dares to disobey him. The yellow massas come from far and near, and yesterday as I worked among the coffee-trees, he was talking with massa Ramiro. 'If I but lift a finger,' said he, 'men will spring out of the earth, from Cape Francis to Cape Nicholas.' He is a great sorcerer."

"And I," murmured Toussaint to himself, "I will cut down and blast this magical crop of his, as the sugar-cane is prostrated by the tornado. He then fell into a reverie which Mars Plaisir did not venture to interrupt. "The black men fly," said Toussaint, at last, "but the day will come when they shall drive their enemies before them. But many still remain slaves, said you not so? Many are yet in bondage?"

"The mulatto slaves, the Saintras, the Griffes, and many a one, who has wife and children," replied Plaisir, with an expression of shame, as he thought of himself, but, as if he would atone for his own backwardness hitherto, he added, "but never mind, Sir, God has come to us, and the holy Virgin will liberate us all."

Toussaint cast upon him an inquiring look, and Mars Plaisir proceeded to whisper, "Romaine Riviere, our brother, a Griffe, from Spain, he is a holy man, great master, every night the holy Mother of God comes and speaks to him, and declares that it will soon be time to go and destroy the wicked white sinners."

"Such things must be," said Toussaint to himself, "but the proud massa Rigaud will not believe that he has prophets in his house."

"Will you speak with massa, my Prince?" said Plaisir, in alarm. "Take care. He is mighty in his wrath, and the yellow man is cunning."

Toussaint looked forth pryingly, into the darkness, and rose from the ground. "Go," he whispered, "creep softly away like the wise serpent. A horse stands under the willows, lead him to the bridge, on the road to Gonave, and await me there. Away quickly, I know it well, massa Rigaud is approaching. I have called him. I hear his steps. My ear is open. It takes in his words."

The negro gazed at him with a look of terror, and then vanished in the darkness. He could see or hear nothing, but he trembled with fear in every limb, as in descending, he looked back and saw on the dim outline of the eminence, two figures standing together, emerging from among the trees.

It was Rigaud, who, engaged in conversation with Petion, approached the fig-tree, among the guarled roots of which Toussaint was concealed.

"You understand me now, my friend," said André Rigaud, softly. "There," and he pointed towards a twikling point in the distance, the light-house of the harbour of Port-au-Prince, "there a new storm is brewing and the great object is to break its force forever. You ask me what these two good-for-nothings shall do, that we have taken, the frivolous prattler, Jumecourt, and this mad fool, Bullet? Had they come at any other time, so boldly and insolently, I would have give them a lesson which they would not soon have forgotten. But now they are right welcome guests. We must take as tender care of them as of a couple of little birds, and give them sugar, and make them tame."

"I am afraid," said Petion, "that Augustin will wring these little birds necks, if they do not cease singing their love songs."

"I guess I can bring him to reason," replied Rigaud. "Augustin is like a war-horse, who, at the first blast of the trumpet, forgets everything, and this blast he shall hear ere an hour goes by. He must away to the South this very night, and collect our friends on the coast."

"You play with men's passions," said Petion, "they must serve your views, but take care, the devil has never yet been raised in vain."

"You are a young fool," said Rigaud, with a laugh, "with your high notions of virtue, and every little piece of devilry looks to you like a crime. Antonina is as prudent as a woman can be, in whose veins there runs a single drop of African blood, but her heart is as cold as if she were made of ice. She has only one weakness. She loves my wild brother to distraction, but she has more judgment and understanding in her little finger than he has in his whole body. If the rich fool, Jumecourt will be a fool, why, let him pay for it. How! the deuce! will you never believe that the Creole, the rake, the good-for-nothing can never be more to her than a monkey to play with? Farewell, my friend, down there in the bay, lies the boat. You will reach Gonave in two hours, and your horse will carry you by early dawn to Beaurais. Tell the General, the hour has struck, tell him the mountains are in a flame, and that we must feed the fire. Collect all that you can and encamp, you there, we here, and Augustin in the South, and so we shall hem them up in their towns until we meet to celebrate our victory down there in Port-au-Prince."

A low sound like thunder, which the wind brought over the water, interrupted him. "Oho!" he cried, "they are in a hurry. Heavens! what would I give, could I only see the raging rabble, how they run up and down, firing off their alarm guns, and fancying the cursed brood of yellow snakes are already crept into kitchen and cellar. Away, Petion, this night will cost some of our poor brethren their lives, Pratolo and his assassins have long thirsted for blood, but it lies with us, I suspect, to pay them now."

"And when," said Petion, with emotion, "when will the day come, when the bloody payment shall cease, when free and happy, men shall live together as brothers united by wisdom and love? O, if I knew that it never would come, never could come, I would plunge unto the sea, and at least keep my own soul clear." He pressed Rigaud's hand with violence, and hastened down towards the water. Below lay a small shallop among the rocks, into which Petion leaped, the rowers pushed off, and the light boat danced over the waves.

Rigaud gazed long after the black spot on the water, which pursued its way down along the coast. "It is a shame," said he to himself, "that this young man, who is so wise and so capable of playing a great part, shows so little true insight into the actual course and tendencies of things, and should be so taken, like a child, with soap bubbles."

A slight noise behind him startled him. He turned quickly round, and remained standing before a dark figure which emerged from among the low hanging branches of the tree.

"Who's there?" he asked, in a fearless tone, looking calmly at the silent stranger.

"A friend," returned Toussaint, in the same tone, "whom M. Rigaud knows well."

A long pause followed this answer.

"It is you, then, Toussaint," said Rigaud, at last. "I have been expecting you."

The negro stepped nearer, and they stood gazing at each other, eye to eye. The starlight of a tropical night gave light enough to show their features distinctly. Toussaint let his mantle fall off. His dress, his weapons, the whole metamorphosis he had undergone, was presented to the searching eye of the mulatto, without exciting in him any astonishment.

"I see," said Rigaud, and he could not wholly hide the contempt which he felt, "you have made good your cause. The clothes of your master fit you as well as if they were made for you, and instead of axe and whip, you bear your new arms with much grace."

"Imagine not, M. Rigaud," replied Tousaint, "that I have come merely to ask whether this new dress fits me. The dress of a freeman fits every man. You say you expected me. You know, then, what I bring?"

"A greeting and the kiss of brotherhood," cried the mulatto, with a sharp voice, "or fire and death."

"The poor black," answered Toussaint, gently, "offers his hand to the friends who groan under like sufferings with his. Must hatred rage forever between the children of one mother? Union is power. The weaker beasts of the field protect themselves by union against the strong panther. What can I say, M. Rigaud, which your wisdom will not anticipate?"

"Would to God!" replied the mulatto, feigning a friendliness he did not feel, "that the hearts of all my brethren were enlightened by truth. But my power is small, my voice is weak. I chide you not, that the great thought of Freedom has awakened in you, but what can I do? We, too, have our property, our slaves, who are your brethren, and you would require that they should be free?"

"Freedom belongs to all men," said the negro, "yet we shall have the means of making you compensation. Money and property, power and influence."

A smile of derision played for a moment round Rigaud's lips. "You mean to present us with the estates of the white gentlemen, their offices and cities," said he, "and with such an offer, a bargain might indeed be struck. But show us first that you can do what you propose. Fight for freedom. Get possession of the Cape and the fortresses of the North, and drive the white gentlemen over the sea."

"M. Rigaud," said the black, "lay aside this sneering tone. My brethren are ignorant, savage, and poor, but strong in power and numbers. What we cannot do alone, we may accomplish united. Choose our friendship, or tremble lest despair and revenge may also reach you as well as the whites."

"Poor devils," replied Rigaud, "what could your friendship give us? What have we to fear from your wrath? The sword and the hangman will soon tame you. Dream not that your madness will find any countenance here."

"Let us consider the case calmly," rejoined the negro. "If it is folly to speak to you of noble sentiments, your ear is at least open to policy. We are resolved to be free like you, and this Island is large. It can support a countless multitude. We are the loyal servants of his majesty King Louis, whom the white men curse. We fight for his throne. He will reward our fidelity and powerful friends stand at our side."

"My good friend," cried Rigaud, "you sing no new song. It cost the unhappy Mauduit his life. He sang the same tune, and now you and the proud Dons from the other side of the mountain, are going to hurry the poor blacks to ruin. Hear what I say to you; the Creole hates the mulatto, it is true, but what with custom, right, and education, the mulatto stands a thousand times nearer to him than the negro. Who are you who presume to solicit our friendship. Slaves, just escaped from your chains, creatures of a barbarous nature, who have yet to learn to be men. Not hatred, like that which separates the yellow and white races, but a more desperate passion, contempt, is the gulf between you and us. If the whites should be fools enough to become your victims, yet know that the mulatto is on his guard in the West and the South, and before our slaves could succeed in burning down our houses, and dancing round our mangled bodies, we should find a way to drive all such thoughts out of their heads."

Toussaint listened with attention and in silence to this declaration. He drew himself up, and his eye kindled with sorrow and indignation. "Oh! I know the way you speak of," said he. "Murder the poor creatures, they whom you call your slaves.—Draw their chains closer and try by your cruelty to your black brethren, to appease the hatred of the whites. Master Rigaud, do not deceive yourself. You are a clever man. They say no mulatto is wiser. But do you really believe that the hour is come to extinguish forever the contempt of the whites? For it is contempt, not hatred, which the white cherishes for the mulatto who has dared to demand equal rights. You will use us for your own advantage, and say to the white masters: 'make us equal with you, and our swords shall unite with yours. We will join in seizing and punishing these slaves.' The merciful God will protect us, but if he shall not, this course would be your destruction. Centuries of hatred and contempt are not to be extinguished in an hour. Let us once be conquered, let the hour of danger pass, and the hatred of the whites will be visited upon you in double measure. Can oil and water unite? Can you change the jaguer into a lamb? Sir, hear my words. The hour is come which calls us also to Freedom, and here I stand and offer it to you likewise. A hundred thousand of my brethren stand ready to ratify the alliance. Jean Francois, the General of the black army of his Majesty, and all our leaders send me and speak through my lips: 'The children of this soil,' we say to you, 'we will not rest till our oppressors are put down. You are wise, lead us. We will submit to your authority. André Rigaud, the wisest man in this Island, shall be our leader—to him we will confide our course." Toussaint paused, and looked fixedly at Rigaud, who stood unmoved before him. "The mulattoes," resumed Toussaint, "will never obtain the rights of freemen without the help of the blacks; they are too weak to wrest their liberties from their oppressors, but in union we shall all become free and happy. We will bless our benefactors. The world will utter the name of Rigaud with reverence, and the highest honours will become his."

"Truly, now," cried Rigaud, laughing, "you show the matter on all sides, and it is not your fault, Toussaint, if I and my brethren do not get entangled in your net. O! you would not long hesitate to give up the Spanish Dons and good King Louis, and anoint and crown me, if the mulattoes would only consent to become the scape-goat of your madness. Throw away your black cap, my black Socrates.—Wise and shrewd as you are, you will understand me. Me you cannot deceive. I am deaf to flattery. Soon enough would the black skin become the more honourable, and then we and the yellow King Rigaud give place to the black King Jean Francois, Toussaint, or some other legitimate African King's son. And so I tell you, never will Rigaud's hand help you to learn to rule. Our place is at the side of those who have equal rights. The slave to the slave, and the free to the free."

"And God and man against the scorner," said Toussaint.

For a moment the features of Rigaud glowed with a sudden fire which was instantly extinguished. "What will you have of us?" he asked at last. "Lay the blame on Heaven that has made the hearts of men as they are. Complain to God that he has created beings to whom he has not given the ability for a higher development. Be just, Toussaint, look at your brethren. Can you believe that their brutish nature can ever be improved?"

"Blaspheme not the merciful God, proud man," said Toussaint. "As truly as the stars are shining there, will the black man show some day that he has received equal gifts from his Maker. We must suffer in order to learn, but the curse has been taken from us, which has reduced us for centuries to the condition of the brutes, and you, our oppressors, you, who have branded us as brutes, may well tremble before the hour. You say that you despise us," he calmly continued, after a brief pause. "Speak, then, M. Rigaud, I am a black, a son of misery, whom you named slave. Say, do you despise me?"

"By G—d!" cried Rignud, "you are a rare exception, and I would save you or see you speedily perish, for you and a few like you are the authors of this madness which will ruin both us and your brethren."

"Speak the truth," said the negro coolly. "Had you now a deadly weapon within reach, I should lay dead at your feet, or if you had friends lurking there in the bushes, you would feel yourself under the necessity of seizing me and delivering me up to the whites. Look," he continued, slowly drawing a pistol from his belt, "here we stand alone, and a single movement of this trigger would suffice to lay you dead—but fear nothing, M. Rigaud," he added, quickly, and seized his hand, "it is necessary that you should live and serve us against your will."

"Go," cried Rigaud, "go as quickly as you can, and take care how you return."

"Yellow is the colour of eternal falsehood," said Toussaint, keeping hold of Rigaud's hand with an iron grasp, "there is eternal enmity between us. We will meet again when your pride is humbled."

They stood looking at each other a moment in silence proudly and with a hostile expression. Hate and contempt, mingled with a feeling of astonishment, showed themselves in Rigaud's rigid features, while Toussaint's eye, calm and full of menacing determination, seemed to pierce him through. Toussaint at last stepped back, caught up his mantle and vanished.

At this moment appeared Augustin and others, calling Rigaud by name. He advanced towards them, and speaking with his customary self command: "My friends," said he, "I have just received a message which calls us to immediate action.—The time for feasting is past. The insurrection at the great River has broken out. The slaves are avenging Ogé and his unfortunate companions in the blood of the white murderers. Beaurais and Petion will to-morrow morning early raise our standard on the plain. In an hour, Augustin, you must set out for Jacmel. The rest of us will collect our forces at Gonave. I believe," he added, with a sneer, "we shall then be able to ask the proud citizens of Port-au-Prince in all humility for the 18th article, and our worthy guest, the noble M. de Jumecourt, shall be our messenger and mediator."

CHAPTER VIII.

The reader will now go with us to the Cape, where at one of the outermost, half-constructed entrenchments, again appears the young Captain Vincent, who with another officer of higher rank hastens to and fro, directing the work of the labourers, or stirring up the idle to activity. A noisy multitude are busy with shovel and pick-axe. The ground is broken. Ditches with pointed stakes form from redoubt to redoubt, a line, which runs round the town to the sea, and to the forts, and up to the walls of the strong arsenal. A confused crowd of soldiers, citizens, women, and children are moving in all directions. In one quarter men are busy preparing palisades. In another, cannon are dragged along. Here and there fires are kindled at which refreshments are prepared, and which are carried by delicate ladies to the ranks of the labourers. Women of no mean rank are even seen dragging the cannon or handling the spades. Neither rank nor age hangs back. One spirit appears to animate all classes. Occasionally the labourers suddenly suspend their toil, and all gaze earnestly out upon the plain. The wind brings the roar of artillery and the rattling of musketry down from the mountains, and it is received with a mingled cry of fear, and rage, and despair. The plain lies black and desolate, one extended scene of devastation. Clouds of smoke ascend over the dim mornes. The athletic labourers from the wharves, the mass of the lower orders, who went by the name of the *little whites*, the furious democrats, who everywhere maintain the cause of Liberty, with wild and bloodthirsty violence, and all who mortally hate the mulattoes and blacks, break out into shouts of exultation when the distant firing appears to slacken, or into fearful cries and groans of menace, when it seems to grow more brisk. Many mulattoes and blacks are visible in the crowd, working in fear and trembling, and endeavouring by the greatesst activity to testify a devotion to their white masters, although at the same time they seize the opportunity, when they are not watched, to throw eager glances of desire towards the smoking heights in the distance. Their lives are hanging by a thread so slender, that the slightest murmur, a thoughtless word, may sever it. Some of their brethren have fallen victims to the first fury of the people, while many others fill the prisons. A high gallows is visible on the Glacis, where dark bodies are seen swinging in the wind and sun, and surrounded by greedy flocks of black vultures. Assailed on all sides by curses and contempt, these poor mulattoes and blacks labour, all the more vigourously, as they know that their lives depend upon it. Not a look betrays their real feelings, and most of them are cunning enough to appear to sympathize with those around them, and are loudest and most clamorous in the curses which they heap upon their brethren.

Occasionally upon the high road leading from the plain to the town, a troop of fugitives are seen approaching, pale, exhausted, and covered with blood, having escaped only with their lives. They came into the town, and with all the rapture of life just won, they exchanged embraces with men over whose stern features rolled down tears of sympathy. Many related their marvels, and told of scenes that made the blood of their auditors run cold. Their sufferings excited the people to perfect madness. The furious Creoles pressed to their hearts the children, whose fathers and mothers had fallen under the blows of axes and unheard-of tortures, and swore a terrible revenge. Then they returned to their labour with new activity, for these fortifications which they were preparing, could alone save the Cape from the brutal enemy, and amidst the sound of axes and mattocks oaths were heard, of rage and scorn, and fearful stories related in tones of satisfaction of the death-scenes of the rich gentlemen of the Island who lay murdered under the ruins of their mansions. But with expressions of hatred towards the aristocrats the desire of revenge was mingled. "Have not these cursed blacks," cried out a savage fellow, "found out the very best way of establishing equality? The devil! who would ever have thought that the big gentlemen would have to work, like the beasts in their sugar mills."

"Thomas," said another, with the tone of an orator, "what said citizen Perroussel yesterday at the Club: "Citizens," said he, "here you see the consequences of the abominable monarchical system."

"Stop there, Rimond," cried Thomas, "explain, what is system? You are a philosopher."

"System," said the philosopher, with dignity, and supporting himself on his mattock, "System means the manner and way in which they endeavour to destroy the liberty and equality of the citizens. Now the illustrious citizen Perroussel said, never would these black and yellow beasts have dared to rise up against us, if the land and slaves had only been properly divided. But the nobility and the rich took all to themselves, and had great plantations, with five or six hundred negroes a piece. The few had all, and the many nothing. But every one of us has a right in the soil—that stands to reason, for every man has equal rights in his native country, which nature has made for us all. Without land under his legs how could a man live. The case is plain."

"True, perfectly true," cried the mob around.

"And we, who dwell on this Island, have all equal rights," continued the philosopher. "Had they only given us each a good bit of the soil and some of the black critters, who belong to it just as much as the rain and sunshine, so would all have been green and blooming, and we should not be standing digging here. You have been cheated out of your property, citizens, and who has set these black dogs upon us? who but the men who style themselves great and rich, and fancy themselves superior to us?"

"And who," shouted a third ragamuffin, "who has to sweat and bleed, but the poor *petit-blancs*? Who has to grub and dig, who fight and kill? We! They can conx and flatter us now, these rich do-nothings, but a little while ago they would hardly throw us a sou. Stand by one another, citizens, put down these black murderers first, and then we shall have a word to say to the big bugs."

Some more decent citizens mingled at times in the talk. "Trust all to the assembly," said one, "they are the true patriots, they desire our good, but the aristocrats stands in their way. There is the Governor-General, and the whole gang of officials, who have sold us. Zounds! don't you know the blacks have written a letter in which they say that Blanchelande must join them and fight with the king?"

"They have set on the slaves," cries another, "and given them arms. They must be cut in pieces."

"And the other fools too," exclaimed a gigantic butcher, "who send us their orders over the sea to make the slaves equal with us. Is there any doubt that all would have been settled long ago if the soldiers had only done their duty? But the Generals are of the proud, old-fashioned sort, who coolly let their men be killed, and keep out of the fight themselves."

"Yes, if it were not for the militia, the brave citizens," said the philosopher, "the national guard, this town would long ago have been a heap of ruins. The illustrious citizen Perroussel told us that long since. Citizens, said he, what do these Europeans know about liberty. They will fight, indeed, that they must do, but they laugh in their sleeves over your troubles, for they have nothing to lose but their own worthless lives. Half of them are of the nobility, and are wanting the king to reign, and the other half are nigger's friends and traitors."

"There are people of both sorts," cried the butcher, pointing to the officers. He there, the big Colonel Touzard, he is known well enough as an enemy of the citizens, and that young, slim Captain there, they have sent here from Paris, right out of the midst of the red caps."

"And there they stand laughing," shouted Thomas, "or staring up into the sky, instead of handling pick-axe and spade. Once when we were cudgelling a yellow rogue there, the saucy lad undertook to interfere with us. 'Don't you see,' said I, 'that he's a mulatto and must have a taste of the cudgel.' But he tore the rascal away from us, and carried him off to another redoubt. But I'll remember it."

A storm of derision and nicknames, accompanied with shouts of laughter, here arose at the expense of the officers, who remained unmoved, appearing not to notice it. Touzard walked up and down, and at last stood still at Vincent's side, who, from the outermost point of the redoubt was, looking out over the country.

"You would be out there," said Touzard, "and so would I too. Rather would I be struggling there in those ravines, with the niggers, than stay here with this rabble, that one is tempted to spit upon every moment, and yet we have to stand patiently here and grin and bear their blackguard speeches."

"And who is exempt?" replied Vincent.

"You are right," cried Touzard, with a laugh, "what the Governor General has to endure, we may well bear too. I trust, however, soon to get quit of this equality, and leave these active citizens to work here as much as they please."

Vincent looked at him inquiringly, and Touzard pointed up to the mornes. "Do you not hear," said he, "that the thunder of the artillery sounds nearer and nearer? Cambefort is driven back from Dondon. He cannot stand the rebels. We shall soon have to help."

"There they are already," he continued, and pointed to some horsemen, who were rapidly approaching the town, "and here comes General de Blanchelande, just in time to receive the tidings which they bring."

The Governor General approached, attended by some officers. He was pale and seemed to be worn out with anxiety. A little while before, he had been received at every step by the huzzas of the people, who worshipped him as their deliverer and as the first of patriots, but now the fickle populace had deserted him, and an unjust distrust cavilled at all his movements. The contrast between the present and the past seemed to be vividly present in his mind as he passed along the line of labourers, and was received only in silence, by gloomy faces, or muttered reproaches. The cloud of care upon his brow he endeavoured to throw off or to hide under a friendly smile. He reined up his horse every now and then, as he met with persons who were known to him, greeted the ladies, answered coarse queries with politeness, encouraged some, jested with others, strove to be witty, but as he turned from one group to another, his countenance fell, and assumed the wonted expression of deep anxiety.

At the end of the redoubt the surly butcher caught his reins, and the mob gathered round him. "Citizen General," shouted the rude churl, "what sort of treatment is this. Here we are all fainting under the burning sun, while the soldiers are lying idle there in the city. They ought to labour most."

"They want to sacrifice us, sell us, leave us defenceless," cried several voices.

"My friends," said Blanchelande, smiling as graciously as he could, "I appreciate the sacrifices you make, and admire the energy of your patriotism. But it is only for your sakes, for the protection of you all and of the town, that this hard labour is required of you. The common danger renders it necessary, we must be united and fling ourselves into the face of it, and work together for the common weal."

"Good citizen," cried the philosopher, "we all labour in the name of liberty and equality. But if the big gentlemen ride about here, and only look on, there is no equality."

"If you will take my place, my good friend," said Blanchelande composedly, come, mount my horse, and give me your spade."

This unexpected reply, uttered with that air of truth which, borrowed from the heart, never fails of effect, made an evident impression on the crowd. Many voices cried: "Long live Blanchelande," others rudely pulled back the philosopher, who seemed by no means disinclined to accept the proffered honour, while the better part of the people stood ashamed, and seemed to catch some dim suspicion of the difficulty and trouble belonging to the office of the Governor. But the butcher shouted, "we know that well enough. There must be order. There must be people to command the rest, but whole regiments lie idle in the town and fort, doing nothing. Bring out the lazy rascals, and let honest people, who have their own affairs to attend to, and wives and children, let them have some rest."

"No one is forced to work," replied Blanchelande, "go home if you choose, there are active men enough, and strong arms, which are full to the fingers' ends of patriotism, and shun no labour, ever ready to work for you. The soldiers, your fellow-citizens, do you want them," he continued, as the butcher, somewhat abashed, remained silent, "do you not know that they keep watch for you every night? You hear the greater part of them fighting there in the mornes against our savage foes, the rest keep these half-finished fortifications, and insure you sound sleep at night. You want them to work all day with the spade, and guard you from destruction too. Who knows," he added, casting a gloomy look towards the distant heights, the scene of the fight, "who knows how soon it may be necessary to send the last man against these merciless devils? Who shall save you if your warriors are worn out by hard labour?"

"The simpletons from France cannot save us, it is true," cried one of the mob," but send them here, and let them work, for those off there do not need their help. The national guard is gone out, and our dragoons there, are enough to kill all the black dogs or drive them into the mountains, where they will starve to death, or the knives of our friends, the Spanish, make short work with them.

At this moment, Blanchelande pointed with a faint smile of assent, to some horsemen, who were visible in the distance. As they approached, his features wore an expression of increasing seriousness.

The uniform of the national guard was soon distinguished, and several persons recognized the horsemen, and called out their names. Their horses were covered with foam, their habiliments torn and stained with blood, and the riders looked pale and affrighted. Some were evidently wounded and fainting. Others were without arms, and their whole appearance expressed shame, and rage, and pain.

When they came near, the people gathered round them with eager inquiries. Their hurried and broken answers conveyed small comfort. One shouted that all was lost, that there were a hundred thousand devils at their heels, who would, in a few moments, break down out of the mountains. Another insisted that not another man would escape with his life, that the whole little army was surrounded, and would be cut in pieces in the ravines of Limbé. A third hurried past, only crying: "save himself who can! To the ships, to the forts, the Cape is lost." A dreadful panic seized the multitude. Women and children rushed shrieking into the gates of the city. The men gathered in groups, and sprang, frantic, upon the breastworks of the redoubts; others cried, "Down with the mulattoes and blacks in the city, to keep all safe within." The more considerate gathered round the mulatto and black labourers, and called for the military to lead them to prison, and guard them there. In the midst of the uproar, the Adjutants of the General dashed off, and soon the sound of the alarm drum was heard, and the measured tread of Touzard's regiment, who hastened forward and occupied the redoubts. In the meanwhile, fugitives approaching the town, became more numerous. Now they appeared singly, and now in small companies flying over the plains. The reports they brought were broken and confused, exaggerated by fear, or bearing marks of probability and truth. The amount of their tidings was, that a hard-fought, disastrous battle had taken place, from which they had barely escaped with their lives.

The Governor General gave little heed to these alarming tidings. Surrounded by his officers, in the midst of the excited multitude, he conversed in a low voice with Touzard, while he now and then gave some command which his adjutants proceeded to execute. He listened attentively to the sound of the distant fight, the thunder of which, at one time appeared to approach, and then to recede.

"Cambefort is hard pressed," said he, "and yet I cannot send him any help without the most urgent need."

"Because this rabble here would immediately cry out treachery," replied the Colonel. "Only one battery, General, and the mounted grenadiers of my regiment."

Blanchelande shrugged his shoulders. "What would the assembly say to me, if I were to weaken the defence of the city," he replied, in a low voice. "The cry would be, that I had certainly betrayed and sold the Cape. We must wait for a message from Cambefort."

"And order masses to be said for him," said Touzard, warmly. "But what will the Assembly say, if we allow him to be overpowered, without sending him any help? Then, too, it will be charged upon us that we have been false, false to ourselves, to our brethren, to all reason, and common sense."

Blanchelande made no reply, but a blush passed over his pale features. "We must soon confine ourselves entirely to the defence of the town," he remarked, "if we do not receive reinforcements from Europe, which may, indeed, arrive at any moment."

"Not quite so bad as that yet," replied Touzard, "We could keep the plain up to the mornes, if strong positions were only occupied in all quarters, and courage went hand in hand with discretion and obedience."

"Strong positions," rejoined Blanchelande, with animation, "that is my opinion. I will propose it to the Assembly."

"The devil take all Assemblies!" murmured Touzard loudly enough. "It is high time to have an end to this nonsense. In war, one must command, and the rest obey. The Governor General is no slave to a parcel of possessed people, but he is appointed by the King and the mother-country."

"There comes news from Cambefort," cried one of the adjutants, and pointed to a horseman, who rapidly neared the town. It was an officer of dragoons, who, as he perceived the group upon the redoubt, immediately turned his horse toward them.

The people crowded around him, as, at the command of the General, he stated aloud how Cambefort had been engaged in a disastrous battle, and forced to retreat before the immense numbers of the blacks. "The black army," he said "was very numerous, under the command of Jean François, who styled himself the Grand Admiral of France, and another black, Biaou, who bore the title of Field Marshal. They were encamped in the ravines, and Col. Cambefort felt that it would be dangerous to attempt to force their position; but he had been forced to attack them."

"Who forced him?" said Blanchelande, warmly.

"The National Guard," replied the officer, "who would not obey his commands, and who insisted that they alone, could put to flight the despised blacks. But they were surrounded, and were saved only with the greatest difficulty. The greater part of them," he continued, with a sneer, "soon scattered and left us alone. I am sent to demand aid.—With assistance, Col. Cambefort thinks he will be able to maintain the Plain."

Blanchelande looked with an air of indecision, now at Touzard, and now at the wild faces of the people about him. "These letters," continued the officer, and he drew out some papers, "I am commanded to deliver into your hands, my General. These we found in a deserted house, and the rest were thrown to us by the negroes in the midst of the fight. They are directed to you."

Scarcely had the Governor received the papers, before, after a slight examination, he hastily returned them to the officer. "Come with me," said he, "I will read them in the presence of the Assembly. With this, he suddenly turned his horse, and Touzard, with an angry laugh, stamped upon the ground in his rage. "Now by all the saints, or rather by all the devils!" he cried, "it has come to a pretty pass. He must ask the Assembly whether it will graciously permit him to read the despatches of his officers, and save them from destruction. Not these black rebels, but this wretched weakness is our ruin.—These hair-brained Creoles will destroy themselves and us."

(To be continued.)

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

None so Blind as those who won't See.—A very curious cause has just come before the Juge de Paix, of Neuilly. Some time ago Madame Pluyette, a widow lady of fifty, but who still attaches much importance to personal appearance, had the misfortune, in playing with a lap-dog, to receive from it so severe a wound in one of her eyes, that it came out of the socket. Having heard much of artificial eyes, and being recommended to apply to an expert manufacturer in this way, named Tamisier, she gave an order for a glass eye, for which M. Tamisier charged her 100f. Refusing to pay this charge, the manufacturer summoned her before the Juge de Paix. Madame Pluyette having appeared, holding the glass eye in her hand, the Juge de Paix asked her why she refused to pay the bill which M. Tamisier had sent in. "For a very good reason," replied the defendant; "I can see no more with it than I could before." "What!" said the Juge de Paix, "did you really imagine that you would be able to see with a glass eye?" "Did I think so?" retorted the angry dame. "Certainly I did. Will you be so good as to tell me what eyes are for, but to see with? I ordered the eye for use, and until M. Tamisier makes me one with which I can see, I will not pay him a sou. I wear a wig, which is quite as useful as natural hair; I have three false teeth, which answer as well as those which I have lost, and why should I pay for an eye which is of no use?" The Juge de Paix endeavoured to convince Madame Pluyette that glass eyes were for others to look at, and not for the wearer to look from them; but, finding all appeals to her reason of no avail, he condemned her to pay the plaintiff the amount of his demand. When the defendant heard the decision, she became furious with anger, and, after dashing her glass eye on the floor, she rushed out of court amid the laughter of the crowd.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

The Author of the Railway System.—A public meeting was held at Exeter, on Wednesday, to take measures for presenting a testimonial to Mr. Thomas Gray, of that town, for the great services he has rendered to his age and country, in the conception of the national system of railway communication. The Mayor (Mr. Charles Bruton), occupied the chair. It was resolved that a central committee be formed, to carry the object into effect, and to promote the formation of district committees in all parts of the kingdom. A committee was appointed, with power to apply to other gentlemen, to the city and county members, the recorder, high sheriff, town clerk, &c., and to add to their numbers those persons who might be willing to co-operate.

An Enthusiast.—We read in a Belgian journal—"The sale of the gallery of paintings of M. Van N. of Brussels, who died in the course of the last month, is advertised. This celebrated amateur not only devoted his life, but sacrificed the whole of his fortune, which originally produced him a revenue of four hundred thousand francs a year, to his passion for possessing the masterpieces of the great Flemish artists. Reduced by this to the want of even the necessaries of life, he could not be induced to part with even one of his cherished treasures. At last, an old servant, who continued to serve him without wages, converted the gallery into a source for the maintenance of his master and himself, by applying the gratuities given him for showing the splendid collection to visitors, in purchasing food for them both. A few years ago, the faithful and affectionate old servant died, and M. Van N., h